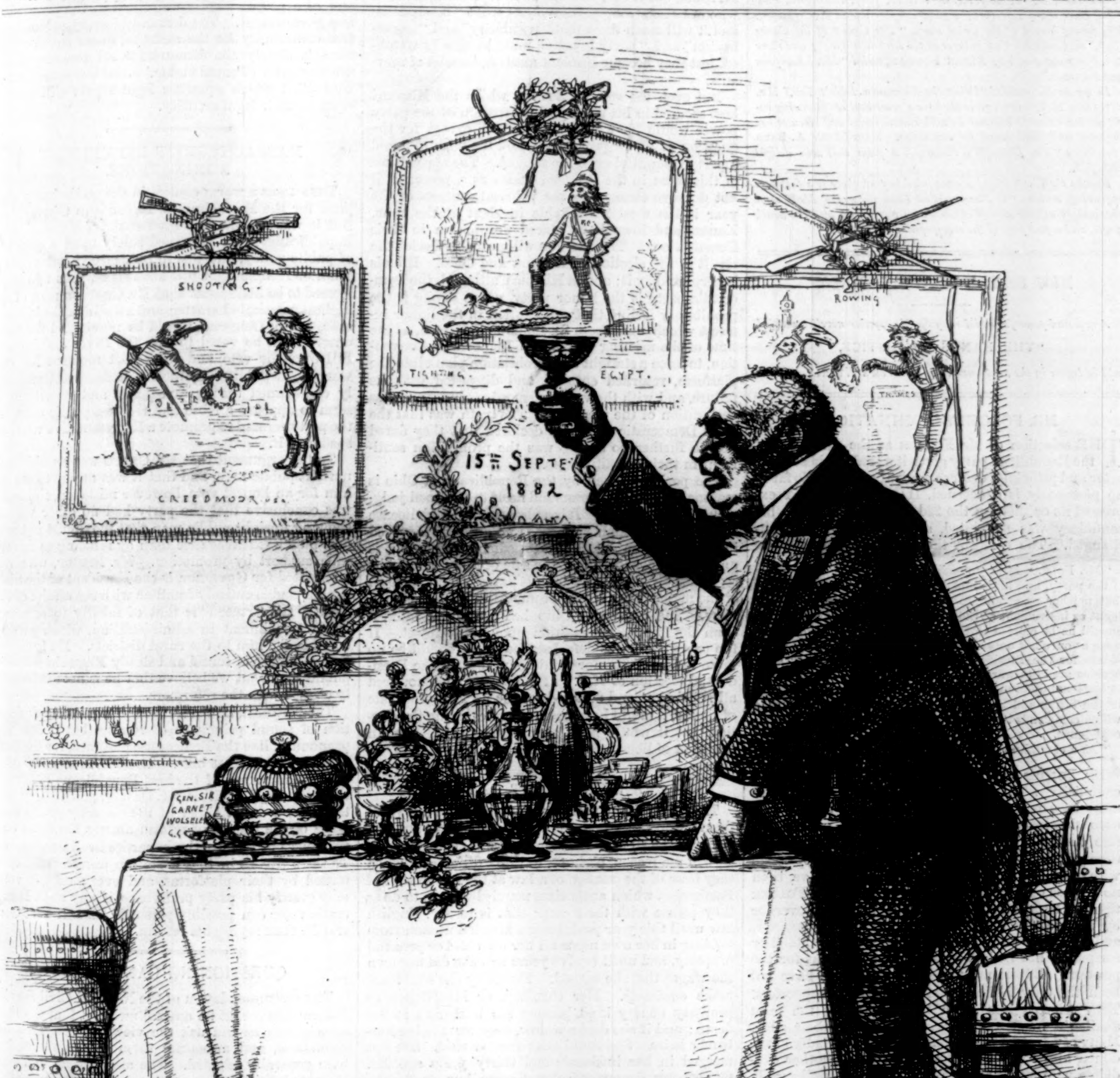
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVI.—No. 1345. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1882. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Copyright, 1882, by HARPER & BROTHERS.



A PROUD DAY FOR ENGLAND.

JOHN BULL. "Here's to our Hero: although *absent*, we will make him a—PEER."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 152, published September 26, has for its leading article, "Papa Haydn," an interesting biographical sketch prepared by MRS. JOHN LILLIE, *and accompanied by a splendid front-page engraving by* ST. JOHN HARPER.

This number contains two excellent short stories—"Why Dick Drove the Car," by MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *illustrated, and "The Barrington Toll-Gate," a girls' story, by* ELIOT MCCORMICK. *The young heroes of the serial story, "The Cruise of the Canoe Club," meet with fresh adventures on the Richelieu River; and there is a humorous sketch by* ALLAN FORMAN, *called "Mr. Thompson and the Owls."*

In an article entitled "What the Showman Didn't Tell," MR. WILLIAM H. RIDEING *gives the boys a great deal of interesting information as to the manner in which menageries and circuses are supplied with wild beasts for exhibition.* MISS MARY A. BARR *contributes "The Butterfly's Funeral," a poem that will delight little folk.*

Besides the illustrations accompanied by text, there is a full-page engraving, entitled "O Nanny, Wilt Thou Gang Wi' Me?" some charmingly artistic bits of child-life on the twelfth and thirteenth pages, and a full page of the ever-popular "Wiggles."

NEW SERIAL BY F. W. ROBINSON.

A new and powerful serial story by this popular novelist, entitled

"THE HANDS OF JUSTICE,"

will be begun in the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

MR. FOLGER'S NOMINATION.

THE selection of Mr. FOLGER as the candidate of the Republican party gives it a leader whose character and principles deserve general esteem. So far as he personally is concerned, HARPER'S WEEKLY expressed its opinion on the 22d of April last, when his candidacy was suggested, and that opinion is unchanged. The WEEKLY then said:

"Mr. FOLGER is very much the ablest man in his wing of the party, and his temperament and character are such that neither as candidate nor Governor would he be the agent or instrument of the Administration or of any clique. Should he be elected Governor of New York, he would become at once not only a possible but a highly probable candidate for the Presidential nomination. His party sympathies are 'Stalwart,' but he is very much less involved in factional differences than any prominent political person in the State, and he has a sturdy old-fashioned rectitude which commends him greatly both to party and to popular confidence.

"As a candidate the Secretary would be very strong."

Mr. FOLGER can not be suspected of any personal complicity with unfair dealing of any kind, but it must be a mortifying reflection to him that he has been nominated for the Governorship, not by the free choice of Republican New York, but largely through the combination of government patronage with personal vengeance. There could have been no higher or more gratifying honor for Mr. FOLGER than to be selected for the great place of Governor by sincere admiration of his ability and character, and the just conviction that by taste and adaptability for public life he had peculiar qualifications for the position. But he must be aware that these have not been the only feelings that actuated his supporters. They selected him as in their judgment the most available weapon with which to assist their aims. Many of his chief supporters would have gladly abandoned him could they but have found another candidate who would answer their purpose equally well.

But the combination of purse and patronage would not have been strong enough to overbear the preference of the party, as shown in the primaries, for some other candidate, except for the exclusion from the Convention of the voice of about a seventh of the whole body of Republican voters. Indeed, more than a seventh of the Republican vote of the State is cast in the city of New York, but of those 80,000 voters not more than an eighth, scarcely 10,000, are permitted to take part in the election for the Convention. This consideration deepens the sense of unfairness and technical irregularity which must be added to other objections to the action of the Convention.

Mr. FOLGER has always been a sincere Republican, the friend of all the best measures that have marked Republican progress. Free speech, free education, the unity of the country, the welfare of all, have been the objects he has had most in view. His political career has been generous and unselfish, and even his opponents have been willing to allow him this just praise.

There are other excellent names that have been prominently brought forward. But the decision is made, the candidate selected, and it lies with the party to elect him by unanimity and harmony.

PROHIBITION IN POLITICS.

THE political situation in Missouri is one of the significant signs of the times. The little local Republican boss in that State is Mr. CHAUNCEY J. FILLEY, former postmaster at St. Louis, and recent chairman of the State Committee, who lately attempted the same trick that was proposed in New York by the CONKLING machine four or five years ago, of dispensing with a State Convention, thus holding over and keeping himself in power for two years. In this impudent game he was foiled, and a Convention was called "over his head" by the leading Republicans of the State. The insurrection against the little Missouri boss does not, indeed, represent the kind of independence which the anti-CAMERON rebellion shows in Pennsylvania, but it can not fail to show intelligent men who are also strong partisans just what "bossism" is, and it will teach them that "regularity" and "organization" and "party loyalty" must be closely watched, lest they become insolent masters, instead of servants.

But even the small following which the Missouri boss secured in his attempted usurpation of the party power would have been still smaller except for the question of liquor prohibition, and the wish to avoid a party committal upon the subject. The appearance of this issue in the Western States as a powerful if not decisive element in the political contests of the year is the most remarkable incident of the time. Kansas and Iowa have placed prohibition in their Constitutions. The question will probably decide the result of the election in Indiana and Ohio. Illinois is perplexed by it; and in Missouri, although the Democratic party is the liquor party, yet so strong is the prohibitory feeling that a delegation in the liquor interest which went from St. Louis to Jefferson, at the time of the meeting of the late Democratic Convention, to force a straight anti-prohibition plank into the platform, returned enraged and disgusted with its failure, and with the vague, general, and meaningless declaration of the platform. The truth was that the rural Democratic delegates declared that they dared not go further, so strong was the prohibition sentiment in their constituencies.

The position taken by the Republicans of Ohio is reasonable, and will commend itself to the good judgment of the country. It is, substantially, high license and strict regulation. There is no question involved in the discussion but that of expediency, because it is universally conceded that the sale of liquor should be regulated. The inquiry is thus narrowed to the point of the method which best promotes the public end in view. The contest in Ohio has a peculiar interest from the Republican position upon this subject. If the party should be defeated, the defeat would be no more ignominious nor fatal than that in the Presidential election of 1856. If the party had denounced all restriction, and declared for the perfectly free sale of liquor, it might have been sure of carrying the election, but it would have abandoned the Republican tradition of liberty regulated by law.

A SIGNIFICANT LAW.

THOSE excellent persons—and there are many of them—who think that the discussion of questions relating to the rights of women is absurd and sentimental, will see reason, perhaps, to think differently when they hear of the passage of a law at the last session of Parliament which authorizes married women to do as they please with their own; that is to say, English law until this year prohibited a married woman from holding in her own name all her own real or personal property, and until twelve years ago she did not own the wages that she earned. Formerly she could not make contracts. Her earnings, or inheritance, or property of any kind, became her husband's at her death; and if she died a widow, they went to her husband's heirs. She could not sue or be sued. She was merged in her husband; and thirty years ago Mr. GLADSTONE denounced the divorce law, as it then stood, as disgraceful.

It is curious to trace in English literature and in English life and character both the source and consequences of such laws. The ordinary scoffer at the discussion of "woman's rights" knows nothing of the old laws relating to women or of their bearings; or if he hears of them, is of opinion that they are quite as they should be, because woman is the weaker vessel, and St. PAUL says something of wives obeying their husbands. The new law is fortunately conceived in a different spirit. It treats women as responsible persons, and holds wives liable for the improper use of their husband's property. They may be declared bankrupt in their independent business without involving their husbands. In fact, the new statute, continuing the advances already made, reverses many traditions of the common law, and practically equalizes the property rights of husband and wife. These changes in the law have been made gradually, and even this last and completing statute has not been announced with any salvos of triumph. Yet it is one of the significant signs of the silent progress of civilization, and of that enlargement of liberty which is its sure evidence. It is the result of that slowly ripening sense of justice which is observable through the course of ages—a ripening which no delay nor disappointment baffles.

The same process which produces these changes will also provide their guarantee. The security of individual liberty is individual suffrage. The suffrage, indeed, may be degraded by bribery and prostituted by ignorance, as any weapon may be misused. The remedy, however, is not the destruction of the weapon, but cultivation of its intelligent use. It is the same with the suffrage, and proper cultivation consists not only in the education of the common school, but in practice. Free government is made effective by the free use of all its methods and resources. The lower French Empire of the second NAPOLEON was founded upon universal male suffrage at one election. But that election merely registered the vote of an army and of a people wholly untrained in the practice of free government. The demand of every person in a free community for the suffrage, under equal conditions, is simply the demand for all persons of the same security of equal rights. And the same slowly wise spirit which equalizes legal rights will at last equalize their legal security.

MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

THERE was a warm contest in the preliminary elections for the Massachusetts Republican Convention. But it was a contest characteristic of Massachusetts Republicanism, for it turned solely upon a question of public policy, and was in no degree whatever personal or factional. Until about six weeks ago there seemed to be little doubt that Mr. CRAPO, a man of the highest personal character, and a distinguished Representative in Congress, would be nominated for Governor. But he voted to pass the River and Harbor Bill over the veto, and from that moment his star waned. Republican opinion in Massachusetts strongly condemned the extravagance, and unwilling to seem to approve a loose and reckless public expense, the party refused to promote a Representative who had sustained it.

To the argument that Mr. CRAPO was an able and upright public man, and that it was unjust to punish him for an honest vote, however mistaken, the reply was conclusive that the party had no other way of showing upright public men that they must not support public extravagance than by refusing to reward such support by promotion. Mr. BISHOP, who was nominated for Governor, is the President of the State Senate, and is entirely familiar with the affairs of the State. His "record" is that of fidelity to economy and retrenchment in administration, which greatly commended him to the rural districts. He is a good representative of sound and steady Massachusetts Republicanism, but we believe that he is not distinctively classed with the reformers.

The platform, however, is an unequivocal declaration of sound principles of reform, but it does not pronounce, like the Democratic platform, for the PENDLETON and WILLIS bills. There is, indeed, a preference among some of the best Republicans of Massachusetts for the bill of Mr. DAWES, and in any case there is no doubt either of the sincerity or the good sense of the friends of reform among the more conspicuous members of both parties in Massachusetts. The two parties in that State are unreservedly committed by their platforms, and every reform voter may gratify his party preference, if any such Democratic voter can possibly persuade himself that General BUTLER represents reform.

QUESTIONING CANDIDATES.

THE recommendation of the National Civil Service Reform League, at its annual meeting, that the local associations should ask the views of Congressional candidates, and announce them to the voters, has been generally adopted. The associations in Massachusetts have been very active, and in Mr. CANDLER'S district, whose course upon this subject has been very unsatisfactory, an opposition reform candidate will probably be presented should Mr. CANDLER be renominated. In California the association has questioned the Democratic candidates, and the Republicans will be questioned as soon as they are nominated. The Democratic replies are direct and admirable, and pledge the candidates to active efforts for reform. We hope that the Republican answers will be no less satisfactory.

The agreement signed by more than a thousand leading voters of Massachusetts to support only candidates who are in earnest upon the subject shows the force of the current. There are thousands who do not care to sign such a paper, but who will take the same course. It is in this way that Congressional action can be affected. Caucuses and conventions are so manipulated by the system at which the reform movement is directed that members must learn the course of public opinion in other ways than by the mere fact of nomination. Except in districts where the majority is very large, a resolute position by a few voters may determine the conduct of the candidate or the aspirant.

In New York the opportunity of defining his views

upon the subject will doubtless be offered to every candidate, and the situation in many districts is such that the candidates can not safely emulate Lord Burleigh, and "smiling put the question by." Independent voters, we presume, will be governed in their support of candidates by consideration of the general character and antecedents of those who answer satisfactorily. But there is no doubt that the question has become one of practical politics, and that the Flanagans of Flanagan's Mills must "look sharp" or they will "get left."

LIQUOR-SELLING AND LIQUOR LAWS.

The liquor question is coming to play an active part in the politics of several Western States. The liquor-dealers of Illinois have just held a Convention, which has viewed with apprehension and alarm the triumph of the hosts of prohibition in Kansas, and the formidable aspect of the enemy in Nebraska and Missouri, and which calls upon its own constituents to shake off their lethargy, and to gird themselves for "work." "Fully half of the towns, cities, and villages of Illinois," says the report, "have been won by the prohibitionists. This is an alarming fact." It is comic to read that the liquor-dealers believe in "organization" and "agitation," and that they have employed lecturers, among them "the Rev. C. C. Burnett," to inaugurate a "crusade," or establish a "propaganda," or something of that kind, in behalf of—in behalf of what? That is the interesting question. The "cause" of liquor-dealing has heretofore been considered safe with only the championship of the unregenerate stomachs of mankind. If the arguments supplied by those always zealous and sometimes inflamed advocates are not efficacious, what can the Rev. C. C. Burnett and the liquor-sellers do about it? In the earlier days of the West, it is reported to have been the custom, as it is reported still to be the custom in mining camps, to invite the stranger to drink, and to kill him if he refused. But the liquor-dealers can not really hope to revive the death penalty by making the refusal to take drinks a statutory and capital offense. Nor can it be possible that its missionaries are to go up and down the State with revolvers, terrorizing communities which are not thirsty into taking unlimited drinks for the behoof of the "Liquor Dealers and Manufacturers' Protective Association." If that were the purpose, a clergyman would hardly be chosen as an emissary, and even if the James boys were alive—who would be more effective than any other emissaries in this peculiar field—they would demand salaries for stimulating an artificial demand (or demanding an artificial stimulant) which would nearly wipe out the profits of their missionary labors. A party of "boys" might corral the inhabitants of an Illinois village and drive them to the bar, but it would be difficult to make them drink. Besides, one drink does not deliver a man over completely to the rum fiend, and it would be necessary for the liquor-dealers, even if they could force one round of drinks upon an unwilling populace, to repeat the "raid" many times before a community of abstainers could be converted into a community of hardened and habitual drunkards. The scheme of extending the market for spirituous beverages by "organized effort" is likely to encounter serious difficulties.

Meanwhile the advocates of prohibition ought to be encouraged by one incidental revelation made by the Convention of the liquor-sellers. It is frequently maintained that prohibition does not prohibit, and that the consumption of liquor is really as great in communities in which the sale of liquor is forbidden by law as if it were permitted as freely as the sale of any other article. The Illinois liquor-dealers confess that the prohibitory laws made in Western States have reduced the volume of the liquor traffic, and their whole project of a crusade in behalf of stronger and more frequent potations proceeds upon this confession. What is probably true is that a resident, not a traveller, in any place in which there is a prohibitory law can get liquor to drink if he is willing to take trouble enough in order to get it; but that prohibition does very much diminish the traffic in intoxicating drinks there could be no doubt, even if the liquor-dealers of Illinois had not made their confession.

THE MIRACLE OF LIFE.

The anxious parent is accustomed to remark, when a small boy has just escaped drowning, or a small girl has narrowly failed to fall out of a window, "It is a wonder that children ever live to grow up." Still more wonderful is it, in the light of the revelations of sanitary science, that anybody manages to live from one day to another. Indeed, it is little short of a miracle that any one except an occasional savage is alive at the present moment.

Ten or fifteen years ago it was discovered that nearly all our food was adulterated, and that the rest of it was normally unfit to eat. We were told that our bread was made of the most worthless parts of flour, and was plentifully poisoned with alum; that our coffee was chiccory and beans, our tea copperas and birch twigs, our wine chiefly sulphuric acid and logwood, and our beer *Cocculus indicus*. As for the meat sold in our markets, it was for the most part as unwholesome as our pure Orange County milk furnished by distillery-fed cows, and a man actually took his life in his hands who ventured to eat pork.

Curiously enough, we continue to consume adulterated groceries and deadly butchers'-meat, and still live. We ought all to have wasted away long ago, or to have died with the "horrid pains" asserted by Mr. Mantilini to be inseparable from poisoning. It is barely possible that the fact that our drugs are grossly adulterated is the only thing that has saved us. The adulteration of drugs is conducted on a different principle from the adulteration of food. The drugs being for the most part poisons, are adulterated with harmless substances. The effect of this is to reduce their strength. The man who fancies that he is taking six grains of quinine is really taking only one, and when a doctor prescribes an ounce of Epsom salts, the druggist furnishes only a quarter of an ounce, the remainder of the prescription being made up of inert and innocuous substance. It may be that by thus mitigating the character of the medicine given us by doctors ostensibly to cure diseases resulting from the use of adulterated food, our lives have been prolonged unintentionally by druggists whose real and only purpose was to make money by dishonest means.

The alarm concerning adulterated food and drugs had somewhat subsided prior to the discovery that mankind was doomed to immediate extinction by sewer gas. People, finding that they continued to live in spite of this habit of daily poisoning themselves with deadly food, were rapidly becoming careless as to how much alum and *Cocculus indicus* they might consume. When, however, they found that sewer gas was killing them with the swiftness and certainty of prussic acid, they became seriously alarmed. The doctors who made the discovery that all the ills of life were directly traceable to bad drainage, and that good drainage and immunity from sewer gas were absolutely unknown, told the most terrible tales of the condition of our houses. Our wretched system of plumbing was such that every city house was a perpetual reservoir of sewer gas, while bad drainage was poisoning not merely the air, but the earth, in every country town. We must all infallibly die either of diphtheria or typhoid fever; and as for our children, it was simply absurd to think that they could survive their first year when constantly exposed to the deadly sewer gas. There is no doubt that those sanitary apostles were in earnest. Indeed, drainage became a passion with them, and they devoted all their energies to convincing us that if we had drains connected with our houses, we would promptly die of diphtheria, and that if we had no drains, typhoid fever would surely hurry us out of the world.

Nevertheless, we still live. People who had inhabited houses before sewer gas ever attracted attention, and who had never thought of contracting diphtheria or typhoid fever, resolved to risk the sewer gas a little longer, and actually contrived to live and preserve their health. Less reckless people, gathering from the writings of sanitary apostles that it was almost hopeless to secure immunity from bad drainage unless a despotic government should undertake to drain the country by force, resigned themselves to their fate. There is nothing more certain than that we ought all to have died of diseases resulting from sewer gas and bad drainage long ago; but as we failed to die to any great extent in the way and manner prescribed by sanitary apostles, it is probable that the dread of sewer gas, like the dread of adulterated food, will before very long cease to greatly alarm the public.

Our last cause of alarm is malaria. The subtle poison which was formerly found only in swampy regions has now spread over the entire country. The uplands of New Jersey and the granite hills of New England are full of it. We can not escape it, whether we live in the city or the country. If it does not kill us outright and suddenly by producing what are called "congestive chills," it kills us none the less surely with intermittent and remittent fevers, and with a dozen other diseases that fasten upon us in consequence of the undermining of our constitutions by malarial poison. We have miraculously escaped poisoning by adulterated food, we have managed in a perfectly inexplicable way to live in spite of sewer gas and bad drainage, but there is—if we may believe the doctors—not one chance in a thousand that we can escape the subtle and fatal poisoning of both mind and body due to malaria.

After all, malaria may not prove to be quite so deadly as we are told that it is. May it not be possible that a few of the diseases which are now ascribed to it, and some of the symptoms which are held to be proofs of malarial poison, have an entirely different origin? However this may be, we have lived so long in spite of the demonstrations that we ought to die, that we may reasonably hope that the human race will not be extirpated by malaria, at least within the present generation.

"STEWART'S."

Alexander T. Stewart died April 10, 1876. Last week the "up-town" store of A. T. Stewart & Co. was finally closed to the public of buyers. The "down-town" store—the warehouse—preceded the shop by some three years, and in all Stewart's has survived Stewart something over six. The business which it took its founder fifty years to build up has disappeared as a factor not only in the trade, but in the life of New York.

It is announced that the business since the death of its founder has not been unprosperous, but it is fair to infer, from the fact that it has been discontinued, that it has not been so abundantly prosperous as during the lifetime of Mr. Stewart, who nearly twenty years ago drew from it the largest income derived from trade in any part of the world. The secret of this unequalled success, besides the name and the fact of honest dealing at fixed prices, was probably to be found in the continuous and eager attention to details which Mr. Stewart gave to his business, in the enforcement of small economies, and the avoidance of small wastes, the aggregate of which may easily make the difference between making and losing money. The old saying about the master's eye will recur to most people as they read that "Stewart's" also has passed away.

There has as yet grown up no establishment to take the place which the closing of Stewart's leaves vacant. There are many splendid and well-equipped shops in New York, and possibly shopping in New York may be pursued now with as many advantages as during the high and palmy days of Stewart's. But there is no house now which holds the unchallenged pre-eminence which Mr. Stewart so laboriously acquired and so securely kept. There is no place which suggests itself at once, as Stewart's used to do, to the shoppers of Oshkosh and Galveston, as well as of New York, as a place to which they could send to match a ribbon or to order an India shawl, with the same royal confidence that they would fare as well, in securing the articles they required at the lowest price, or in being frankly told that it could not be had, as if they had undertaken a journey to New York on purpose to procure it. This is a vacancy which any dry-goods house in New York might be proud to fill, and would find its account in filling.

PERSONAL.

Professor Garnett, of Maryland, recently elected Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Virginia, is noted for his scholarship. He studied at German universities for several years, and has since held high educational positions in this country. Recently he published a translation of an ancient Anglo-Saxon poem, of which Professor Murch, of Lafayette College, said, "This is the best translation by far in our language, and will do honor to American scholarship."

—Notwithstanding the care manifested by Stephen Girard that the college bearing his name should be free from the teachings of Christianity, it is now essentially a Christian institution. After the late President Allen's decease, neither his pastor nor any other Christian minister could go within the college walls to take part in the funeral services. But the exclusion of ministers seems not to have accomplished what Girard intended. The *Sunday-school Times* says: "President Allen had himself done the work of a clergyman in that college while living, and at his funeral Christian services were there led by Christian laymen. After this his remains were taken into a neighboring church, where Christian liberality gave freer air, and there a score or more of prominent Christian clergymen united with a large assembly in paying another tribute of respect to the life and work of this distinguished Christian layman." The Girard heirs and the trustees of the fund are said to be a unit as to the propriety of teaching Christianity in the college, while technically obeying the will by excluding clergymen.

—A Mr. Maddox, who made some money by keeping a bar-room in Fauquier County, Virginia, is now the owner of "Oak Hill," the old home of Chief Justice Marshall.

—Mr. E. A. Freeman, the English historian, says that during his recent visit to this country he staid longer at Philadelphia than he had ever staid in London, or, since his boyhood, in any other town except Rome and Palermo.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge's resting-place at Highgate is amid a scene of desolation and decay. Within the past year there have been twelve applications made to the man in charge by persons who wished to visit the place, and eleven of those persons were Americans.

—According to Congressman William D. Kelley, who has just returned from a trip to Colorado and Nevada, farming in those States presents the highest attractions. By invitation he went to the ranch or farm of B. H. Eaton, in Weld County, which he began breaking last year under a new and elevated ditch. In the spring of 1881 his 6000 acres bore nothing but gramma-grass and cactus. This year 3000 of these 6000 acres, under wheat, and 450 under potatoes, will yield a net profit of over $100,000. On one side of the road which he has laid out through his farm grew nothing but cacti and yuccas and gramma-grass, while for thousands of acres on the other side, where the irrigating ditch ran, mowing-machines and headers were cutting the enormous crop of wheat.

—Ex-President Hayes, following what seems to be the popular current just now, has bought a great farm in Dakota, which is said to contain some of the finest land in the Territory, and eligibly located on the Northern Pacific Railroad six miles from Bismarck. This year he had 520 acres in wheat, yielding a large crop.

—The widow Callahan may, if she so chooses, put her arms akimbo and say, "I am the largest individual sheep-owner in Texas, my sheep, more than fifty thousand in number, wandering over the ranges of Uvalde and Bandera counties, in the southwestern part of the State." These peaceful animals are divided into flocks of two thousand head each, with a "bossero" and two "pastoras" in charge of each flock. Happy Widow Callahan!

—Defoer Bey, well known in Paris as an art-collector, has become the owner of Meissonier's famous little painting which Mr. Ruskin recently sold for $30,000.

—Adelbert College, at Cleveland, Ohio, which Mr. Amasa Stone has founded as a memorial to his son Adelbert, is rapidly approaching completion. It will be remembered that two years ago Western Reserve College, at Hudson, twenty-five miles from Cleveland, drew Mr. Stone's attention. It had been in existence fifty years, and besides buildings and grounds had an endowment of $200,000. Mr. Stone then proposed to donate to the college $500,000 upon given conditions, chief among which were that it should be removed to Cleveland, and that its future name should be Adelbert College. After careful deliberation, this liberal offer was accepted by the trustees. One year ago citizens of Cleveland contributed about $100,000 for the purchase of some twenty acres of land, to become the site of the college, and to endow the Case School of Applied Science, now coming into existence. The location is admirable in all particulars. The ground is high, fronting on Euclid Avenue, four miles east of the business portion of the city.

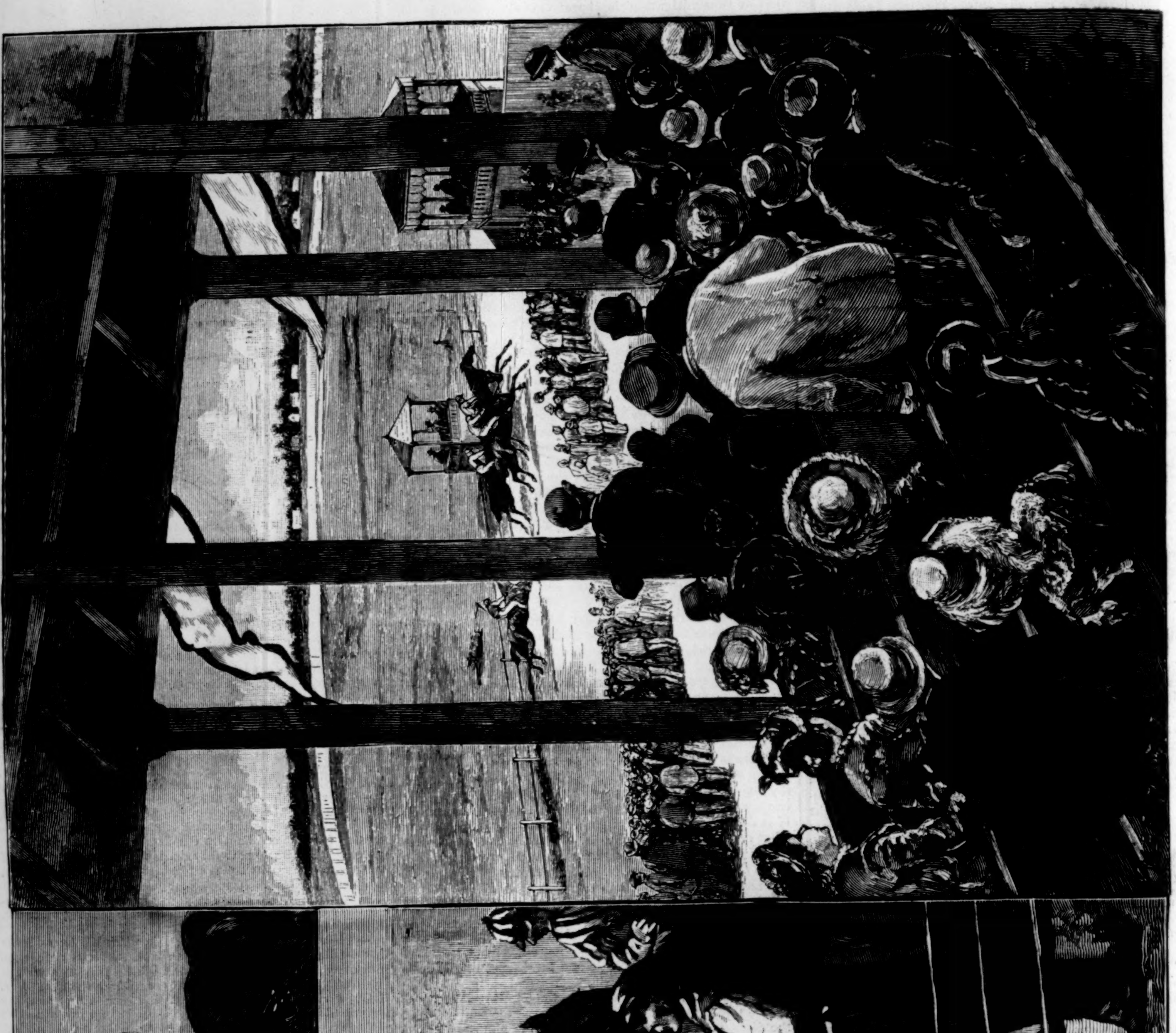
—An English explorer named Wood recently interested an assemblage of Britons in London by telling them how he discovered the famous temple at Ephesus. No writings existed to afford him the slightest clew to its whereabouts. But he hit upon an inscription from the wall of that theatre to which St. Paul would have entered, but "the disciples suffered him not." This described a procession in which certain images were carried from the temple through the city gates. After much search he found the gates, and then at length hit upon the paved way, worn into grooves by the wheels of chariots. Little by little he made progress to the city of Ephesus, until he reached the temple of the great goddess Diana. The fragments of friezes and column drums gave a glimmering idea of what the whole must have been. They are now in the British Museum.

—Mr. Rufus Porter, founder of the *Scientific American*, notwithstanding his great age—ninety—is still hale and hearty, and during the past summer has been engaged in perfecting a farm steam-wagon invented by him. It is to weigh about four hundred pounds.

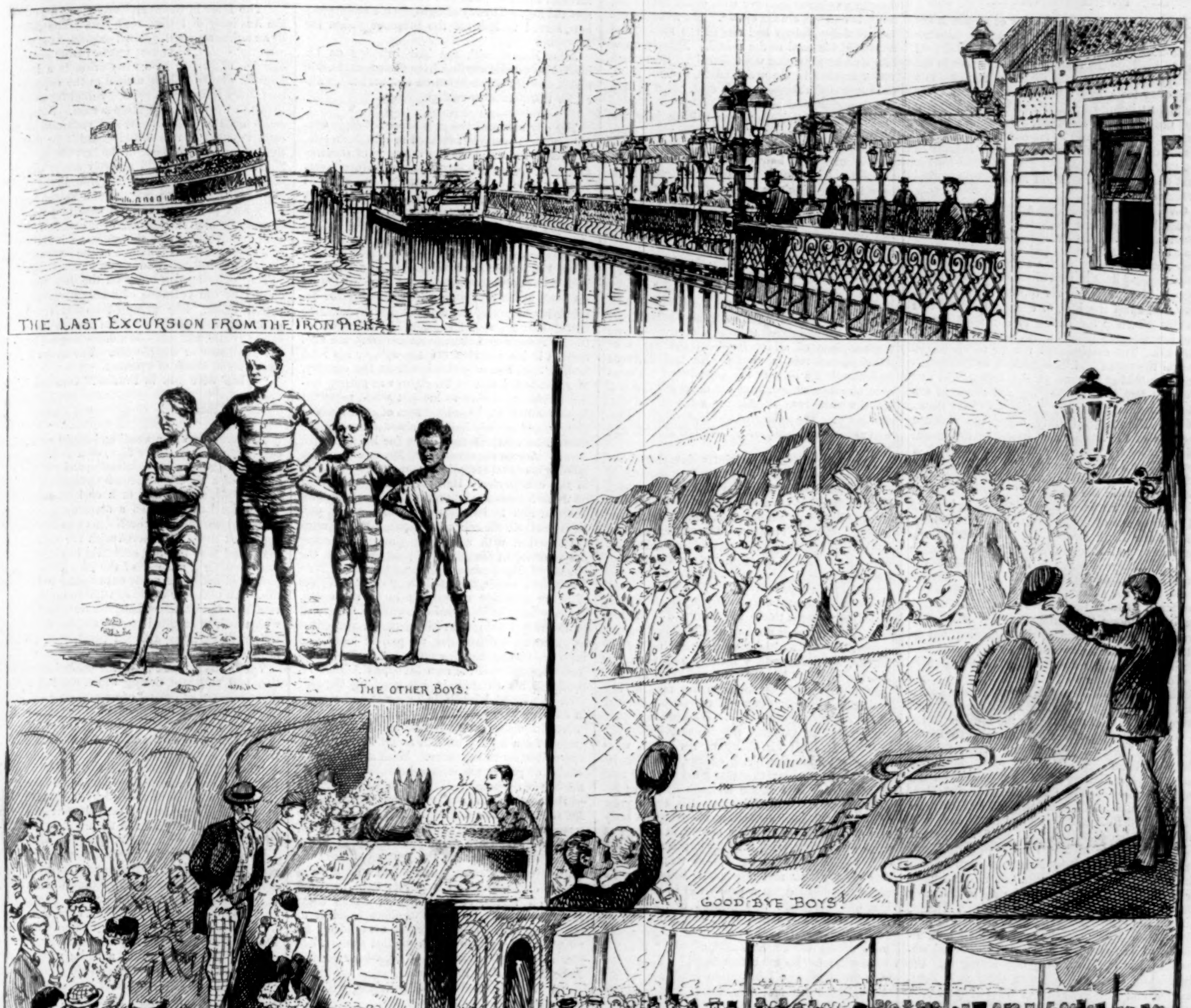
—When Mr. Evarts was Secretary of State, he was one of a party who visited the Natural Bridge in Virginia. Of course the story was told that Washington had once stood there and thrown a silver dollar completely over the bridge. Some of the party pooh-poohed this assertion, but Mr. Evarts gravely rebuked them, saying, "You forget how much farther a dollar went in those days."

—England does substantial pecuniary reward to those who render her distinguished services in battle. After the Ashantee war Sir Garnet Wolseley had a Parliamentary grant of $125,000, and if he comes well out of the Egyptian business, he will receive another grant, a peerage, and a pension, for the Queen is averse to creating a poor man a peer. After Waterloo the grants to Wellington amounted to $3,500,000; Nelson, nearly $1,000,000.

—Leopold von Ranke, who has just finished the third volume of his *Universal History*, is now eighty-seven, and the oldest of living historians. He still works regularly nine hours a day—from 9 a.m. till 1 p.m., and from 8 p.m. till 1 a.m. Between 2 and 4 p.m. he takes a walk, after which there is an hour of conversation at home, when visitors are received. No one is admitted at any other time, a rule which even Ranke's most intimate friends, such as Humboldt, Boeckh, and Ritter, had to respect, only Frederick William IV. and the Queen Elizabeth occasionally infringing upon the otherwise inexorable rule. He has occupied for thirty-nine years a few very modestly furnished rooms on the second floor of a house in the Luisenstrasse, his library occupying most of the wall space, and will not listen to the advice of friends who wish to add to his comforts.



RACING AT BRIGHTON BEACH, CONEY ISLAND.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 619.]



SUNDAY STEAMBOAT EXCURSIONS—THE LAST OF THE SEASON.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 614.]

A SUNDAY EXCURSION TO LONG BRANCH.

Although the summer Sunday excursion is not exclusively a New York institution, the peculiar location of this city offers a more extended field for its development than that of any other in the country. The excursions that may be made in a single day from New York piers by water alone are almost infinite in their number and variety; and not only may he whose Sunday is his sole holiday take boat, and at moderate cost travel in a new direction on every seasonable Sunday of the year, but he might thus vary his route for the next ten years, and still not have exhausted the programme.

On the Hudson alone are a hundred charming places between New York and Newburgh—the usual limit of Sunday excursions—in which a day may be pleasantly spent, and up the East River, and along the Sound as far as New Haven—the usual Sunday limit in that direction—are as many more. The great field for Sunday excursions is, however, down the Bay, or even out to sea, and in this direction the choice of one from among the innumerable places worth visiting is indeed difficult. The excursionist recalls to his imagination the parks and beer-gardens of Staten Island, the fishing grounds of the Arthur Kill and Prince's Bay, the surf bathing and clams of Coney Island and Rockaway Beach, the shady nooks of the Monmouth County coast, the pleasant reaches of the Shrewsbury River, or the breath of the open sea, and the glittering attractions of Long Branch, where for an hour he may share with the wealthiest the glories of one of the most noted resorts in the land.

Some such reason as the last named, or because it involves one of the longest trips for the money, makes the Long Branch excursion one of the favorites; and when, a few days ago, the steamer *City of Richmond* was advertised to sail for the Iron Pier at Long Branch on her last Sunday excursion of the season, nearly a thousand people hastened to avail themselves of this last opportunity. Among the throng was our artist, who went, not for the sake of the excursion, but to study the characteristics of the excursionists, and gather material for the illustrations on page 613.

To the stranger to New York waters no trip could give a better idea of its magnificent bay than this one to Long Branch. Pulling slowly out from her slip into the stream, the steamer is for a few minutes in the Hudson or North River, with New York on the left and Jersey City on the right hand side. Then she moves down the river, past the Battery and Castle Garden on the left, into the Upper Bay, and across it, with Governor's Island, South Brooklyn, and Bay Ridge on the left, and Ellis and Bedloe's islands, the little white light-house on Robbin's Reef, and Staten Island on the right, into the Narrows. These, defended on the left by Fort Hamilton, and on the right by Fort Wadsworth, lead into the Lower Bay, where the view is only limited by distance. On the left rise the buildings on Coney Island, and on the right lie the two little hospital islands Hoffman and Dix, and the old hospital hulk *Illinois*, while beyond them stretch the broad waters of Raritan Bay. Directly ahead rise the Highlands of Neversink, with their twin light-houses, and with Sandy Hook lying at their feet.

Passing the Hook, the steamer is rolled on the long swell of the open ocean, and the excursionist is thrilled with the thought that naught but water separates him from the shores of the Eastern Hemisphere. Just beyond the Hook is moored the *Scotland* light-ship, so called because originally placed there to mark the wreck of the good ship *Scotland*. Now the steamer skirts a low sandy coast, passes the beaches of Seabright and Monmouth, and so on to the great pier, gay with people, music, and flags, that reaches its iron arms far out into the sea to welcome the visitor to Long Branch.

THE DOOR IN THE WALL.

I.

In the city of New York a fraternity of artists dwell in a building accorded them by the benevolence of a millionaire. The red-brick structure is wide, square, prosaic, and located on a modern street of dirty and unattractive aspect, favorite resort of barrel-organs. However lacking in external picturesqueness, Bohemia has none the less here taken root, to flourish with the same luxuriance as in the most quaint and richly mediæval town of Holland or Germany; nay, of Italy, France, and England. Color glorifies the interior of these studios, whether in wayward design, the rainbow tints of china and majolica, the sweeping folds of sombre draperies, or tropical birds and plants, harvest of European tours and excursions in Mexico and South America.

The artists brave good seasons and bad jauntily, pipe in mouth, sup merrily, cherish a beautiful faith in the prospective luck of the morrow, scoff at the lack of appreciation in the public, and lend a needy brother from an often-times light purse, with a cordial sympathy seldom discoverable in other walks of life.

The separate floors of the building are gained by means of three stairways, whence diverge long corridors, with doors like those of a school. At the date of which we write, a small visiting-card on the panel of a door on the third story bore the name of John Nelson. Above the card was suspended a tiny slate, with neatly sharpened pencil attached. Orders had never been inscribed on the slate with the expectant pencil. The door was in shadow, and as far as the different portals possessed character, the aspect of this one was sinister. Even the janitor of the building recalled that the last occupant of the studio, a German wood draughtsman, had hung himself, one cold winter night, in the very desperation of failure in the New World. Other doors lolled ajar in a social fashion, emitting the hum of voices, clouds of tobacco smoke, even whiffs of whiskey punch, on occasion, while the margin was scrawled over with chalk sentences, but this one was always closed. Six months previously John Nelson had rented the studio, and appended his card to the portal. Nobody knew him, and he came and went silently. Every man was a brother in the artist circle, without reference to the shabbiness of his coat, yet a certain expansiveness and jollity of manner were exacted in return. John Nelson was neither jolly nor expansive. He was a tall and slender young man, with a prominent forehead, mild blue eyes, and a cloud of blonde hair blown about his sunken temples. He could not confide his personal history to his neighbors, as he did not wear his heart on his sleeve. The sensitive plant shrivels at the touch of a warm and friendly hand. Life had been rugged and solitary for John Nelson; he had struggled with poverty and discouragement since his orphan boyhood, only to grasp existence with that supple and tenacious hold which is the domination of soul and will on a fragile body. Meat and raiment were indifferent to him provided he gained light, color, and harmonious forms. He had dared to seek a large city—true market-place of all crafts—join the ranks of workers, and rent a studio. He had shivered and blanched a little at the audacity of the measure, and then smiled, fingering delicately the petals of a white rose blooming in a pot on the window-ledge. The solace of the meerschaum pipe was unknown to him, for he detested tobacco like a woman.

The early sunset of a winter day tinged the ceiling and wall with pale gold before passing on over the city roofs already whitened with snow. John Nelson sat on a wooden stool, with his elbows resting on a rough table, and his eyes fixed vacantly on a fresh canvas. The sunbeam tinted the wall, illuminating the sketch of a wounded buffalo on the prairie, Indian hunters giving chase; then a glimpse of the coast of Labrador in the pearl gray of dawn; then a branch of New Jersey horse-chestnut blossoms, with humming-birds poised, like living jewels, to sip the nectar of each cluster. In one corner the face of a Vermont mountaineer, bronzed and bearded, frowned in the obscurity, while opposite a little French Canadian girl, piquant and laughing, peeped from the cottage window, holding together the rags of her pink calico gown. Such was the scanty harvest of the artist's vagrant fancy. He heeded neither sunset, familiar sketches, nor the succeeding cold of twilight. All his thoughts, his hopes, were concentrated on the blank canvas, of which he was absolute master, to create good work or mar at pleasure. This subtle triumph of power bewildered and intoxicated him. His brain grew giddy, fires flashed across his eyeballs, his body was benumbed. A feather caught in any great wave of emotion, from the very impressionability of his organization, John Nelson was experiencing wholly new and indefinable sensations tonight. He had eaten a penny roll in the morning, and his grate was without fire. He had bought the canvas and fresh colors instead of fuel and food. Once he pointed his finger mockingly at the canvas, and said, aloud: "What is to be will be. Do you comprehend? To-morrow you will exist, and I intend to send you, as my work, to the National Academy of Design, to win me fame."

He laughed a trifle unsteadily, and rose to pace the floor, as if to calm his own thoughts. He was a wild figure in the gloom and solitude of the place. The room, scarcely larger than a cell, cramped freedom of movement, as poverty had curbed his dreams of boundless youthful ambition. In one corner a decrepit desk leaned against the wall, relic of previous occupation, and John Nelson struck and overturned it brusquely in his walk. A leaf of yellow paper fluttered out and fell at his feet.

"This must be accepted as a legacy of the German wood draughtsman," soliloquized his not less isolated successor, and stooped to pick up the bit of paper. The twilight revealed a torn and discolored wood-cut, representing a mansion of the type somewhat vaguely designated as "foreign" in America, with the Mansard roof in the shadow of trees, and a high garden wall terminating in a door. That was all. A few inches of paper and the rude wood-cut of a provincial house, probably in France or Germany, the whole framed in a garden wall. John Nelson gazed at the fragment as long as daylight lasted, and then seated himself on the stool with it still in his hand.

"The door in the wall," he muttered once, and then all was still in the room.

The artist had a vision rather than a dream, for his eyes remained open. He was no longer in his studio at the top of the artists' building in the city of New York, but stood on a river-bank, and the night wind swept over him. A sensation of cold, fear, and distrust oppressed him, blended with the fascination of curiosity in lingering on the spot. The river-bank was a sort of rampart planted with trees, and the stream flowed far below; on the other side was a garden wall, and beyond a house, even the dark outline of a town, with church tower and steep roofs. The vision was like the wood-cut, and yet dissimilar; for the house had receded in the shadow of shrubbery, while the garden wall became more prominent. John Nelson extended his arm mechanically, as if to touch the boundary, then recoiled, with the very hair bristling on his head. The high and massive wall, gray in tint, and surmounted by a coping of red fluted tiles, terminated in a postern-door. This door confronted the artist with a vivid, terrible distinctness, in one of those swift photographic impressions which remain stamped upon the brain. He saw the projecting arch, even the stone urn above, with a cactus writhing green and thorny branches over the rim, each spray sharply defined in the darkness, as if by means of some invisible phosphorescent gleam. He saw the portal thus framed, the key-hole made visible by a ray of light within the garden. Somebody was about to emerge through this door, and had struck a match to insert the key. The ray of light, feeble and tremulous, served to indicate the presence within the inclosure.

John Nelson, with the hair bristling on his head, his eyeballs starting from their sockets, and a cold dew of apprehension on his forehead, waited for this person to emerge.

The city assumed the gala aspect of early winter evening; gas jets twinkled in all the streets, and formed stars about the entrance of theatres and restaurants; the crowd paused before favorite show windows, whether glittering array of jewels and silver-ware, silks and laces, or sugar-frosted cakes and mimic temples. In the artists' building the doors flanking that of John Nelson closed on separate little worlds of joy and sorrow, effectually excluding him. On the left, Mr. Silvanus Ultramarine was stalking about majestically in a flowered dressing-gown, a Turkish fez on his head, and a pipe with amber mouth-piece between his lips. At the moment Mr. Ultramarine vowed that he would consign his collection of Italian faience and Saxony statuettes to the auctioneer, if his pictures did not sell, or his fond mother send him a remittance from the country. Mr. Abraham Lake, on the right, was putting loving finishing touches to his last work, reluctant to part with it for the round sum of one thousand dollars, and already building air-castles as to the uses to be made of the money for his suburban home. Across the corridor old Mr. Gamboge was holding his usual reception as oracle and patriarch of the community. Had these neighbors called on John Nelson at eight o'clock, they would have believed him to be asleep, lost in reveries, perhaps dead, for the cold was intense. Mr. Silvanus Ultramarine, with a parting glance of gloomy despondency at his effects of pink sunset on the shores of Narragansett and golden-toned New Hampshire woods, departed for his club, with the ultimate intention of looking in at the opera. Mr. Abraham Lake added a dimple to the cheek of the rosy little girl in his picture, represented as gathering blackberries, tin pail in hand, and limp sun-bonnet hanging down her back—a subject selected from his own brood, as Albano reproduced his children in his laughing Cupids; then enveloped himself in overcoat and muffler in anticipation of supper at home.

At nine o'clock John Nelson moved, arose, and groped for a light. He had no oil for his lamp, and no money to buy more. With all the garish wealth of gas in the streets below, John Nelson was left in darkness. He went to the door, crossed the corridor, and stalked in on the circle of old Mr. Gamboge like a ghost. The patriarch was seated on a sort of dais used for portrait-painting, reading Shakspeare aloud. The shaded lamp, placed at his elbow for the purpose, tinged his long silvery locks and white beard with a Rembrandt distinctness. His guests were lounging about on tables, or seated with chairs tilted against the wall, in an atmosphere redolent of tobacco smoke. In a corner two art students arranged a banquet, of which pickled oysters, lobster salad, and stout jugs of lager-beer seemed to be the principal ingredients.

"A light," murmured John Nelson, with the aspect of a somnambulist.

Mr. Gamboge peered through his spectacles at the intruder.

"Have some supper first," was his genial response.

John Nelson, usually shy, embarrassed, awkward, merely blinked, as if he did not comprehend these words, and repeated, "A light; only give me a light."

Old Mr. Gamboge snatched up the shaded lamp at his elbow, and placed it in the stranger's hand. John Nelson was escorted back to his studio by a party of sympathizers, some bearing candles thrust in bottles, and others with a supply of fuel for his empty grate. The two art students selected the tidbits of their feast, and placed the food on his table. All this was done quite as a matter of course, and with a hearty good-will in each participant.

"Good luck to you and your inspiration, my boy!" said Mr. Gamboge, patting him on the back encouragingly.

Then they left him, and the artist began to paint on the fresh canvas with a feverish rapidity. Midnight passed and dawn broke without interrupting his labors. The picture reflected the image of his thoughts—a river-bank, a garden wall, and a postern-door, with a ray of light shining through the key-hole, while the mansion beyond was enveloped in shadow. Above the door grew a cactus in the stone urn, and the trees bent in the night wind. The artist had added a slender crescent moon with attendant star, which enhanced the weird aspect of the scene. Surveying his work in the cold daylight, he erased the moon, and substituted a band of white light on the horizon which crept along the river slope.

"It was already dawn," he muttered.

What meaning had his words? He did not know. The picture was a vision of the night which had swept over him. Was he more than the instrument chosen to give it expression?

Old Mr. Gamboge looked in with commendation, a trifle condescending, inasmuch as he attempted reproduction of Titian flesh-coloring, and found here no rival.

"A foreign scene evidently," he said. "Where did you get the subject?"

John Nelson, very pinched and wan in the day, replied, "It all came to me."

"You must give the study a name," pursued Mr. Gamboge, meditatively.

Again John Nelson blinked, with the expression of a somnambulist. "The picture can have but one name," was his response, a trifle peevish in tone. "This is 'The Door in the Wall.' How could you imagine it was anything else?"

"He is a genius, or cracked," was the comment of the patriarch when he returned to his own kingdom.

"The Door in the Wall" was given a place in the Academy of Design that year. The picture, by an unknown artist, excited only the most casual attention—nay, was alone rescued from complete oblivion of silence by a witty critic in a leading journal, who spiced his article at the expense of poor John Nelson as a safer channel for sarcasm than the work of more famous men. John Nelson winced at the raillery, and reddened at the condemnation of this self-elected judge; and yet the little picture was one of the first marked sold. Sold! The artist could scarcely credit the evidence of his own senses. "The Door in the Wall" had been bought by a lady. John Nelson rushed forth and purchased a small vase of jade, long coveted by him, in the case of a collector. The jade vase represented the supreme intoxication of success, and was obtained at the expense of a shabby wardrobe and an empty stomach.

The following day a tap on the door was succeeded by the entrance of a lady wrapped in a furred cloak. She accepted quietly the chair proffered, and smiled on John Nelson—a smile vague, gentle, and soft—in acknowledging herself the purchaser of the picture. The artist stammered some words of greeting.

"When were you in France?" demanded the visitor.

"Never, madame."

"Ah!"

The stranger was a small and slight woman of surprising beauty. Her face, of a delicate oval, had the transparency of alabaster, and was framed in hair of a silvery whiteness gathered back on one temple, and falling in a curl on her neck. The white hair imparted a startling singularity to her appearance. John Nelson was aware that her black dress shimmered with the richness of satin, and that her hat, eccentric in shape, made her resemble a portrait of the Pitti Palace, or a powdered marquise, oddly out of place in modern life. An observer would not fail to create histories from the blanched hair, the transparent face with a look of arrested youth on it, the dark eyes, full, brilliant, large, and yet timid, even furtive, in expression.

There was a pause after the preliminary question and response, during which the lady's features became as devoid of expression as a piece of white paper. She sat with downcast eyelids, apparently absorbed in meditation, and the evident admiration of the artist did not touch her. At length she said:

"How did you know that the cactus writhed like green snakes in the urn above the door?"

John Nelson made no reply, but his heart began to throb quickly, and the cold current which had stirred his very hair in the night again passed over him.

"I wish you to paint a companion picture," she resumed, raising her eyes to the opposite wall, and compressing the slender hands, which rested on her knee, with a nervous gesture.

"Yes," assented John Nelson, eagerly.

"You are to paint a sister of the Bernardine Order, like the community near Biarritz, for example. The sister wears a white robe with a black cross between the shoulders. You do not see her face, because the cowl is drawn down to the chin; and this feature is youthful. The chins visible beneath the cowls of the terrible sisterhood, vowed to silence, are usually those of youth. Were you aware of it? No, I forget; you are an American. Will you not visit Europe?"

"If I am ever rich enough!" exclaimed the artist.

She looked at him with a slight frown, as if he had interrupted the train of her own thoughts. John Nelson reddened to the roots of his hair under her cold and clear scrutiny, but words came to his lips, hitherto mute. Tennyson's line had haunted his brain all the night when he had worked until dawn:

> "So that we say, 'All this hath been before,
> All this hath been I know not when or where.'"

"I saw the wall and the door—here. I know nothing more. Nothing! I have been bound hand and foot all my life. Ah! if you realized what poverty is, and to always look abroad longingly!" Transported beyond himself, the young man spoke fiercely, almost wildly, to the sole listener whose sympathy he had ever craved.

"Mon enfant, I have known it," she replied, soothingly.

As she spoke she touched the folds of her robe, the fur of her mantle, with her vague smile, which possessed a tinge of mockery.

"Let me try to paint you," whispered the artist, once more timid and deprecating.

"I forbid it," cried the lady, with sudden anger. "You must never reproduce my face. Such publicity would be painful—odious. No; I forbid it. Instead, you will paint the sister of the Bernardines. She stands in the cloister garden, fighting a battle with her own soul. The spot is pre-Raphaelite, if you like: rows of stiff rose-trees and lilies, as in Fra Angelico's pictures—a saint's idea of an earthly paradise. The sisters roam about the country, driving pigs, performing all menial duties, in aid of a common support, respected by the peasantry, and returning at nightfall to their straw-thatched huts. They die in five years usually. Enjoying full liberty, it is said no sister ever broke her vows, and ran away: none, save one!"

The lady had risen, and moved about the studio. Now she paused near the window, with hands folded, and head slightly bent. The pose was unconscious, perhaps, and lasted but a moment; in that moment the artist saw the Bernardine sister who had broken her vow and fled back to the world.

Later she left John Nelson absorbed in reverie. Old Mr. Gamboge peered in, with the curiosity of a magpie.

"So Mrs. Moore is your patroness, eh? A

Frenchwoman, you know, with a history. She was the Mademoiselle Césarine Dutretz who was implicated in a crime of the province years ago. I read about it in Paris at the time, but I forget the details. Everybody here believes in her innocence, of course. You have heard the story of her marriage. No? Bless me! where have you lived, my boy? She hooked Mr. Jeremiah Moore on shipboard. He is the rich cigar manufacturer. A big, solemn, practical citizen, Jeremiah Moore, and reputed a shy bachelor, until Mademoiselle Césarine caught him. The immortal Balzac pronounced all men tops, the sole necessity consisting in discovering the right string to wind them up and set them spinning. Leave a Frenchwoman alone for unravelling the cord of that human top Jeremiah Moore. She is a leader of fashion in her circle, a patroness of the arts, a devout Catholic, I am told. Yes, a strange woman, and very handsome still. She will not have her face reproduced even in a photograph. If I could obtain a sitting, it would be the making of me."

John Nelson was already at work, and scarcely heeded this gossip. He painted his second picture, the Bernardine sister in her white robe, with the black cross between the shoulders, and the cowl drawn down to the chin. She stood in the convent garden, rows of lilies and roses blooming about her, in attitude dejected, sorrow-stricken, fighting a battle with her own soul. The study completed and dispatched, he waited.

Once more a tap on the door announced a visitor. This time the intruder proved to be a servant in livery, with a letter from Mrs. Moore. The artist opened the envelope with tremulous haste, and a money draft fluttered out. He was bidden to go forth and see the world. The concluding words burned like a flame before his eyes:

"La fleur alpestre de la reconnaissance ne fleurit que dans les natures élevées."

John Nelson sailed for France the next week.

"Lucky beggar!" was the comment of old Mr. Gamboge as he adjusted his spectacles to read Shakspeare aloud to his evening visitors.

In the home of the artists all was as if John Nelson had never been.

II.

One month later John Nelson was walking on the Quai Voltaire of Paris in the early morning, where a merchant in shabby redingote and cap had just arranged his stock in trade on the Seine parapet. These wares consisted of journals and light literature of a highly sensational order, to judge by the covers of flaming red and yellow hues. John Nelson paused.

"I must pick up the language a little, although I will not study it thoroughly," he reflected. "I am too old to grind away at verbs and a grammar. Yes, to be sure. Brown has promised to send me an old Frenchman at eleven o'clock to read with me for an hour. I must choose a book."

The vender in the shabby redingote held up a pamphlet persuasively, having for design on the cover a wood-cut representing a young man with a poniard in one hand dragging an elderly woman across the floor by her hair.

"This looks lively," mused the artist. "Humph! A romance of the Gaboriau school, probably. Well, French may filter into my skull the more readily by means of circumstantial evidence. Who knows?"

He bought the pamphlet, and returned home to the modest chamber he had selected in the Luxembourg quarter. At eleven o'clock the French teacher appeared in the person of Monsieur Félix Quantin, a little old man in rusty raiment, shrivelled and bent and respectable. Genteel poverty, modest courtesy, cheerfulness, and even vivacity at times characterized M. Félix Quantin, a type of French and Italian old age. He was the city sparrow, perching in a Mansard chamber, adoring his Paris in his heart, and subsisting on a daily cup of black coffee, a pinch of snuff, a morsel of bread, gleaned from lessons given to the stranger colony.

M. Quantin seated himself, after the formalities of an introduction, and scanned the book selected by the new pupil with a grave and puzzled aspect.

"You choose the abominable literature of the day, I perceive," he said, slowly shaking his head as he turned the pages of the pamphlet. "Racine, Bossuet, even Molière, would be nearer my own standard of preference."

Suddenly he paused, and a convulsive agitation contracted his features. He dropped the pamphlet as if it had stung him. The wintry bloom faded from his cheek, his eyes grew haggard, and John Nelson contemplated an old man, blameless in his own life, who had long borne the burden of the sin of others.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" groaned Monsieur Félix Quantin, beating his hands together with a gesture of despair. "You have found this feuilleton in the streets of Paris to-day? What monster, what ingrate, has dragged forth the story again, to coin a little money out of the bones of the dead and the tears of the living? See, my friend; put the viper into the fire. This is a history of a crime of the province in which I was implicated in my youth. It possesses no interest to your generation, and serves only to foster a morbid taste for the details of murder and violence."

John Nelson looked at the fallen pamphlet, and a name caught his eye. The name was Mademoiselle Césarine Dutretz.

"Did you know Mademoiselle Césarine Dutretz?" he exclaimed, the gossip of old Mr. Gamboge flashing across his mind.

Monsieur Quantin took a pinch of snuff to restore his composure.

"I lived in the house when it all happened," he replied, with a certain solemnity. "I was the tutor of the young Comte Saint-Alme. I helped Mademoiselle Dutretz to escape by the door in the garden wall. Ciel! That was twenty years ago, and it seems but yesterday."

John Nelson drew his chair nearer with the eagerness of a child.

"Tell me the story," he urged. "Was she innocent or guilty?"

"Guilty," replied Monsieur Quantin.

The artist extended his hand.

"Then I should not hear," he protested. "She has given me bread, hope, life."

"She has offered me bread, but the money remains at the banker's," retorted Monsieur Quantin, with disdain. "One can always live—in Paris. She has married a merchant. Oh, she is very respectable, she tells me, in that land which is the refuge of all European criminals."

The pamphlet remained on the floor. John Nelson, chilled at heart, listened to the tale of its contents, as poured forth by his companion with vivid French eloquence, abundant gesticulation, thrilling dramatic power, and woven through this sombre tissue ran the gold thread of Monsieur Quantin's sole love of a woman, now revealed in the tenderness of his description of her beauty, and now equally apparent in his anger at her indifference, and bitter condemnation of her ambition.

John Nelson was led, despite himself, to the distant town of M——, silent, monotonous, cold, with black and crooked streets—gutter of centuries—a cathedral with lofty towers, and an aristocratic quarter of tall houses with gardens overlooking the river-bank. He knew that the women gathered about the fountain of the Cathedral Square, and that a bit of color bloomed occasionally in the market-place, while the children laughed in the black and crooked streets which spanned their little world. Beheld with the eyes of Monsieur Félix Quantin, he was aware that the Rue Longue was grim, silent, tomb-like, each of the lofty mansions having ornamented knockers suspended on the great portals, lifeless casements, and projecting balconies, from which the rain dripped for days together. There the noble families of the neighboring châteaux dwelt in winter, their armorial bearings and tapestries crumbling away with passing generations. The house on the corner was occupied by Madame Rameau, and John Nelson realized that this interior was more sombre and deserted even than the adjacent domicile. The artist traversed in spirit the chill corridors; he ascended the stairway; he studied the mildewed portraits on the walls, always guided by Monsieur Quantin, and he even gazed out on the garden, beyond which was the rampart and flowing river. Madame Rameau had remained in her private suite of rooms for ten years, her eyes darkened by illness, a heavy, dull woman at the best, and rich, receiving into her shadowy kingdom only obsequious doctors, and M. the curé. At other times a companion read in the window embrasure. This companion had been for a year Mademoiselle Césarine Dutretz, when the heir came unexpectedly to pay a visit. The heir was the Comte Saint-Alme, accompanied by his tutor. Madame Rameau adored this nephew, for whom she saved her revenues with a vigilance and shrewdness which never slumbered. He was young, gay, handsome, and Paris had not yet spoiled him. A visit of duty before travelling in Italy became unaccountably prolonged. The Comte Saint-Alme would remain seated beside his aunt for hours, amusing her with stories and songs. Never was more touching filial devotion seen. Mademoiselle Dutretz bent over her embroidery in the window, the quiet companion, with soft and winning voice, the penniless young woman full of life, and with Polish blood in her veins.

"She must have been very beautiful," interrupted John Nelson.

"'Beautiful as a young Polish girl,' is the Russian proverb," said Monsieur Quantin, dreamily. "She writes me now that her hair grew white during her penance in the silent cloister of the Bernardines."

Madame Rameau had been blind in more senses than one, for a dazzling creature presided at the dinner table in her place, bewitching tutor and pupil alike by her wit and grace. Such was the modest companion when emerging in the noonday. Both young men fell in love with her, and the wound which still bled in the heart of the tutor, Félix Quantin, was that his devotion had served as a shield for the true passion of the Count and Césarine, even in the eyes of Madame Rameau. Oh, the bitterness of deception! oh, the darkness of the winter midnight, when the rain dripped on the balcony, and the street below was a black gulf in the storm! The blow had fallen, and yet the great gloomy house gave no sign of the agitation within. The Comte Saint-Alme had told his aunt, with all the rashness of his age, that he loved her companion, and intended to marry her. Madame Rameau was transported with anger at this frustration of her hopes of an advantageous alliance with a noble family. She had benevolently prepared a modest dot for the bride of Monsieur Félix Quantin, tutor. The invalid had uttered threats and reproaches for hours, the mildest of these being a resolution to expel Mademoiselle Dutretz from the town, even, the following morning.

That night the nephew killed his aunt.

Was the deed done in a fit of mad rage because she would not yield to his wishes? Had he planned eloping with Césarine afterward? Who can judge, counting the heart throbs of a maniac? What Félix Quantin had heard was a groan, and a succeeding awful silence; what he had seen was Césarine Dutretz in the corridor wrapped in a cloak, groping for the garden door, and praying wildly to be allowed to escape. He had guided her to the postern-gate, through which she had disappeared forever. The Comte Saint-Alme, stupefied, imbecile, smitten with remorse, in the dawn gave himself up to the gens-d'armes, and was ultimately executed, in spite of all influence of the nobility. Then Félix Quantin returned to Paris, to gain his bread as a teacher of languages. Did Césarine Dutretz aid in the dark night's work? Was she simply a witness of the brutal crime, and had she fled to evade giving evidence against her lover?

"Guilty!" asserted Monsieur Quantin, vehemently. "There is always a woman at the bottom of all mischief."

The old teacher went his way, turning aside from crowded boulevards into the twilight nave and chapels of the Church of St. Étienne du Mont to pray for the dead. In charity to pray for the dead, Monsieur Félix Quantin, for the woman whose youth had charmed and whose maturity had mystified those permitted to study the transparent face framed in silvery hair, was henceforth to be also numbered with that shadowy throng beyond the grave. John Nelson read the brief paragraph of her decease in a New York journal that day. He journeyed north to the town of M——, where he traversed the Rue Longue, with its silent houses, and lingered on the river-bank, looking, as in a dream, at the door in the garden wall of the deserted mansion of Madame Rameau. The cactus no longer grew in the stone urn above the portal.

Later he returned to the little auberge of the Toison d'Or, and wrought a portrait of a graceful head in a wide eccentric hat. For a moment the large clear eyes looked at him, the delicate mouth smiled faintly, the shadowy face gained outline, then the artist erased the whole with a sweep of the brush. The concluding line of the letter written by his benefactress stung his conscience: "Gratitude is an Alpine flower which blooms only in elevated natures."

Virginia W. Johnson.

1882.

Great England put her armor by, and stretched
Her stately limbs to slumber in the sun.
The nations, seeing then how long she slept,
Communed together, and in whispers said:
"Lo! she is old and tired; let us steal
The crown from off her brows. She will not know!"
And Goneril and Regan, over seas,
Mocking her, cried: "Her time is past. Her blood
Is sluggish, and her rusted sword from out
Her scabbard she will draw no more!" And so,
Thus gibing, flung with cruel hands the seeds
Of discord and of hate amidst her sons.
But from the East there came a blast too loud,
As from the West there came a taunt too much;
And she, awaking, raised her head, and saw
Around her all her faithless friends, and all
Her sisters and her children jeering her,
And crying, "She is old!" and meting out
Her lands amongst themselves, and parcelling
Her honor. Then, swift as lightning flashes
From the blue skies, her glance of scorn fell on them,
And they crouched like wolves that are o'ermastered.
England stretched out her hand, and touched the world—
England arose, and spake, and calmly said,
"Nay! I am mistress still."

Ouida.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Incredulous persons have often asked why clairvoyants, fortune-tellers, and other professors of hocus-pocus do not utilize their alleged supernatural powers to extricate themselves from the plights in which they, like other mortals, sometimes find themselves. A woman who was arrested in Jersey City under the State law against fortune-telling and clairvoyant practice was locked up in a cell to await a hearing before a magistrate. In the night she disappeared, and nothing can be learned of her whereabouts. The manner of her escape is a puzzle to the astute police: "they have no idea how she succeeded in effecting it." Perhaps she floated up the ventilator in invisible and impalpable atoms, and materialized, so to speak, on the edge of the chimney.

In an east side police station the other afternoon a policeman awakened another policeman by rapping him on the soles of his feet with his club. Although this is the way policemen usually wake up sleepers, the man who had been sleeping was enraged, and a duel with revolvers ensued. Both men were wounded, but neither was seriously hurt. If the affair has taught the policeman whose soles suffered that the usual method of awakening sleepers is not calculated to cause the person to wake up in good-humor, an item has been added to the sum of police information.

The Hillsdale boat crew were badly defeated by oarsmen of the Thames Rowing Club in their recent race over the course from Putney to Mortlake. The Americans broke a slide, and the Englishmen crossed the line four lengths ahead. Accounts of the contest say that the Michigan men made a foul that would have lost them the race even if they had come in first. It is claimed in behalf of the Americans that they might have won had it not been for the mishap to their boat. This amounts to the same as saying that they might have defeated the Englishmen if they had been a better crew; for it is an important part of the qualifications of an efficient crew to be able to tell whether their boat is fit to be taken into a race. The records of aquatic events show that the boats of efficient crews and individual oarsmen do not break down between the start and the finish.

It is said that President Arthur has become a "Jonah" in the estimation of sailors. He was on Mr. Bennett's yacht during a part of her first cruise, and she was disabled. The voyage of the United States steamer *Despatch* while she was sailing under the President's flag was a series of mishaps, and the President at last decided to land in an out-of-the-way place on Narragansett Bay, and make his way to New York by rail. Sailors are no respecters of persons in kicking out Jonahs.

The residents of Carrabelle, Florida, invited the residents of St. Teresa to visit the former village in a body. The programme of entertainment included an excursion in the harbor. A social event of this sort indicates a fortunate absence of that lower grade of population which is found in most communities, and with which others are not accustomed to associate. It is not probable that the residents of either New York or Brooklyn will receive from those of the other city an invitation so comprehensive.

In Michigan recently a reaping-machine that binds the grain as it goes along caught up a woodchuck, and tied him into the sheaf so securely that he was choked to death.

The platform adopted at an Ohio Congressional District Convention is, "*Resolved*, That we beat them this year."

A newspaper says: "One of our belles brought home from Cape May enough soldier buttons to trim a jacket." It is a question whether the government may not find it necessary, as a measure of economy, to provide the cadets with uniforms having hooks and eyes instead of buttons and button-holes. Think of a watering-place belle bringing home a lot of hooks and eyes as trophies of her conquests! They might as well be hairpins.

Fifteen babies were born in a Michigan town in thirteen days. A carpenter got the job of making carriages for the whole number, and he is now the proprietor of one of the largest baby-carriage manufactories in the State.

Boycotting the products of Chinese workmanship in San Francisco is up-hill business. The wares produced by the Chinamen are cheap, and of excellent quality; and when it comes to the question of paying coin for needed articles, the cheap and excellent is usually preferred to the dear and less conscientiously made.

Next to the question of the probable fate of Arabi Pasha and his more conspicuous followers, the inquiry which chiefly interests observers on this side of the water is, What will be done with the five hundred genuine Kentucky mules that were shipped for Alexandria to be used by the British? Their arrival has not been announced at the time of this writing, but it is probable that they are in Egypt by this time, since no splinters of the steam-ship have gone ashore anywhere, so far as is known. An almost unprecedented commotion of the sea has taken place, but it may have arisen from natural causes. Great Britian can not consistently leave these five hundred mules in Egypt, for she claims that her object is to give that country a stable government, under which the lives of the people will be secure and their interests protected. She can not accommodate the mules in England without calling upon Kentucky to establish a sort of protectorate in that island, and such a necessity would be humiliating to the British lion. Perhaps she will decide to drive them down into the Great Desert, where, with nothing to kick at but the sand and the overhanging sky, they will wrench themselves to death in vain efforts to put their hoofs through the dome of the heavens.

THE FIFTEENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

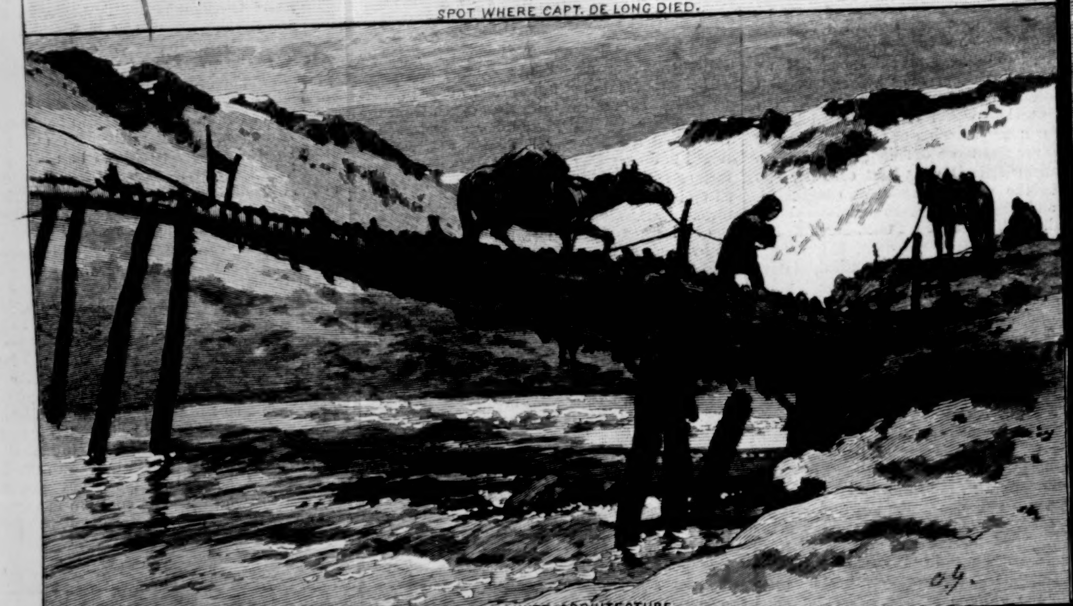
CAMPING IN THE SNOW.

BLUFF UNDER WHICH T

SPOT WHERE CAPT. DE LONG DIED.

HUTS F

TRAVELLING WIT


JAKUTE ARCHITECTURE.

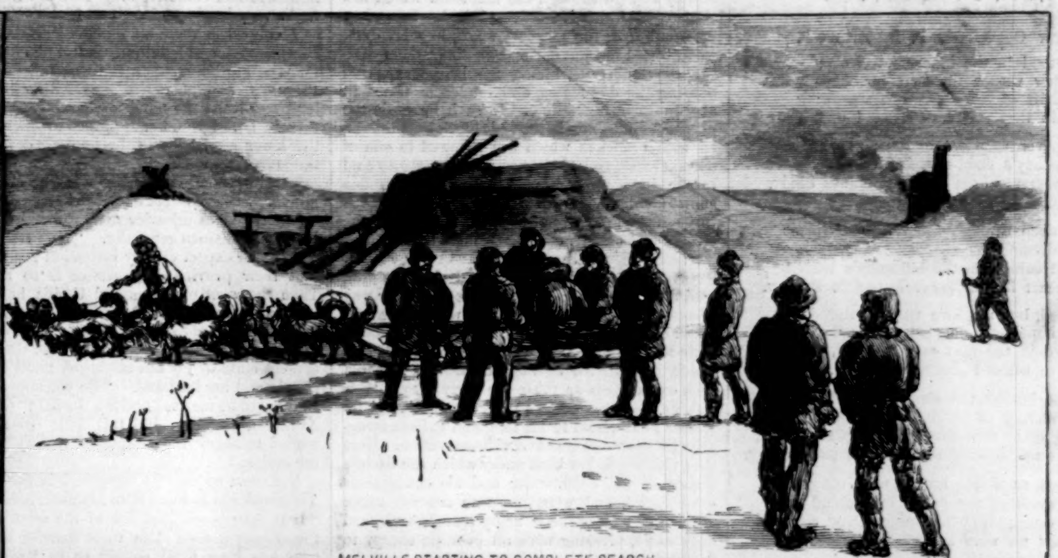
CHUKCH

RECEIVING FIRST NEWS OF FINDING THE CAPTAIN.

VILLAGE

THE SEARCH FOR CAPTAIN DE LONG.—

...PTAIN'S PARTY WAS FOUND.



MELVILLE STARTING TO COMPLETE SEARCH.

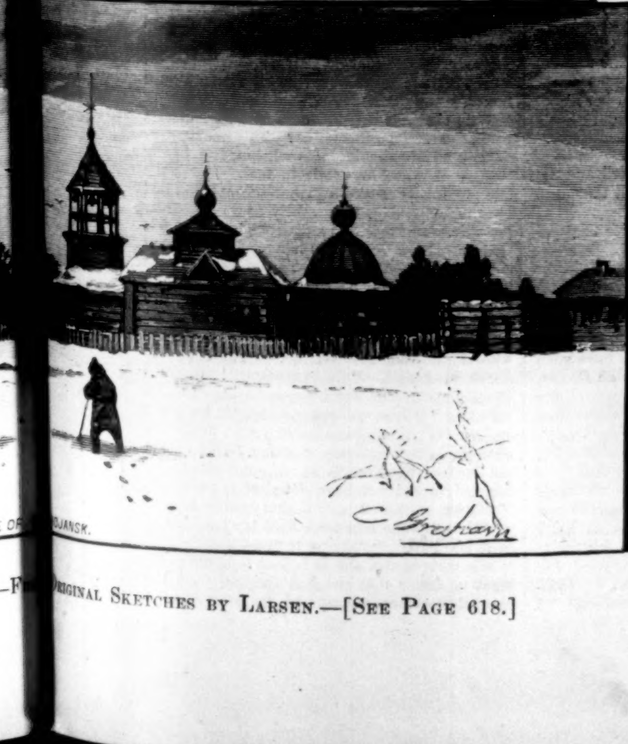
...AVELLERS.

SHELTER HUT IN THE WILDERNESS.

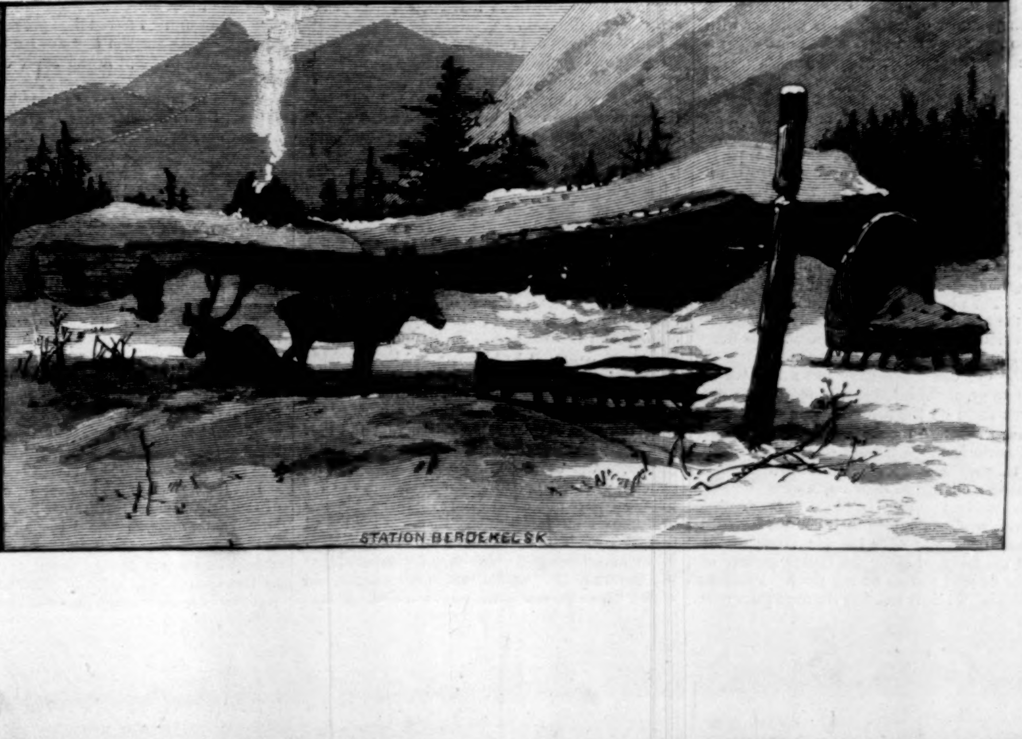
...VIT... ON THE LENA.

...KCH... AGE.

PASSING THE WERCHOJANSK MOUNTAINS.—MOUNTING AND DESCENDING.



...GE OF ...OJANSK.



STATION BERDEKELSK.

...—Fr... Original Sketches by Larsen.—[See Page 618.]

THE LAST WALTZ.

By GEORGE P. LATHROP.

We stood in the innermost circle;
We flew with a mystical current—
The drift of the dance—to a surging
Refrain that rolled under and under,

Yet never was lost in the sinking
Of melody's flood-tide and ebb-tide.
As breezes, where starlight shines dimly,
Fly rustling, so fled we together;

And deep through the eddies of music
And dreams my senses were carried,
While calm o'er the harmony's tumult
My heart like a flower leaned in shadow.

I loved, but my love was unuttered,
And hopelessly doomed to be silent—
A bird in the nest ever fettered,
To live without singing or flying.

In the hushes the singing of thrushes,
The waving of palm and of myrtle;
Then again rose the wind-notes so urgent,
And quick-flowing sounds bore us whirling.

At last, as if life breath were ceasing—
The world of the dance far behind us—
We paused, with "Good-night"; and, retreating,
I knew we were henceforth divided.

Yet still the remembrance, half mournful,
Comes haunting me now, in a twilight
Of years that my love has made lonely;
And music still rings through the silence.

THE SEARCH FOR DE LONG.

In addition to the expedition sent out under Lieutenant Melville for the rescue of Commander De Long or the discovery of his remains, there was one organized by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, of some of the incidents of which we present a double page of illustrations engraved for Harper's Weekly from the original sketches by Mr. Larsen, special art correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, who accompanied this expedition.

This party started from Jakutsk—a name made familiar in the journals of the past year—on the 10th of April, and pushed as far as the village of Werkhojansk, where it was met by a Cossack courier with word that De Long and his party had been found by Melville; it then pressed across the Borkhaja Bay on the ice to Simovie Lak—a miserable little fishing station of half a dozen snow huts, where Melville was encountered on the eve of his search for Lieutenant Chipp's boat. The party then passed northward to visit the ground over which De Long had travelled, as well as the spot where he had died.

From Jakutsk to Berdekelsk station, about 220 miles, the journey was made, after the ordinary fashion of Russian travelling, with horses and Cossack attendants, the animals being changed at the post stations. These, however, were not of the regular stamp, but were only black huts, or "jursts," superintended by the native Jakute "starost," or elder of the district. The service was of the most primitive order. The Jakutes are described as good-natured, lazy, greedy of money, cunning in bargaining, and as shrewd in avoiding the performance of their engagements as the most highly civilized Europeans. They yield readily to curses and blows, but take kindness and cash with as much ingratitude as an American railway employé. Some of their customs show a droll canniness. After crossing a bridge which was in a dangerous condition of decay, the drivers stopped to feed their horses, and when asked why they had not fed them at the station before starting, they answered, "In order not to make them heavier than need be." At one point the party passed a little group of rudely made graves, each surmounted by the ordinary wooden cross, but one of them having a half-dozen crosses planted at its side. These, the drivers explained, were for the graves yet to be made.

At Berdekelsk station the party changed their horses for reindeer, and though, owing to the lateness of the season, these animals were weak, the rate of progress was much more rapid. The reindeer is peculiarly courageous and faithful, and has what our horsemen call "gaminess" in the highest degree, some of them running until they fell dead before the sledges. One of our sketches shows the manner of catching the reindeer with the lasso after they had been turned out to get a scanty meal, twice a day, from the moss in the woods. Though the deer are partly "hoppled" by a heavy block of wood hung to their necks, the operation of catching them is not always an easy one.

Shortly after leaving Berdekelsk, the party were compelled to cross the Werkhojansk Mountains, and our sketches show the ascent and descent, which were difficult and dangerous. The grade of the track up the mountains is nearly 45°, and the snow was very deep. From the summit the view is described as extensive and extremely imposing, but our travellers had little chance to enjoy it. The wind, which had been blowing hard during the ascent, increased suddenly in violence until it amounted to a gale. The mountains were wrapped in dense clouds of fine snow, through which the eye could penetrate but a few yards, and the party, thankful that the storm had not overtaken them on the precipitous upward path, took their way down the farther slope.

At Simovie Lak, the fishing station before referred to, they met Lieutenant Melville, and again made a change in their mode of travelling, replacing their reindeer by dogs. From this point their road—or rather their course, for road there was none—lay over the flat lands of the delta of the Lena, or along the frozen surface of the wide divided waters of the river. Progress was difficult. In clear weather the dogs gallopped rapidly enough through the fine snow which lies above that which is harder packed. But when the wind rose, the powdery snow, like icy dust, was whirled in blinding masses about them, veiling the landscape, hiding the landmarks, half burying the dog teams, and rendering travel in any direction impossible. In such intervals the party sought shelter in the rude block huts thatched with branches which are pictured in one of our sketches, and glad enough they were to find refuge in even such poor quarters. The fine snow filled their eyes and ears, and worked through the openings of the fur garments at the sleeves and collars, chilling them to the marrow. At times they were obliged to rest for several days inside these shelter huts, and when the wind died down, and they could hope to find their way across the pathless wastes, they were obliged to crawl out by the opening in the roof, and plough their way through the enormous masses of snow which had drifted against the sides. Through such experiences as these the party fought their way as best they could to the scene of poor De Long's final defeat in his long and gallant struggle with the arctic cold and with starvation. Here they visited the low bluff under which the lifeless bodies of the commander and his companions were found, and went down to see the tomb. Then they took up their weary march southward once more, pressing with all possible energy to reach Bulun before the river broke up.

The so-called "heroic age" is long gone by. Young knights no longer sally forth armed *cap-a-pie* to seek adventures in the untried world about them. The faith in the powers of the air which strengthened the arm and sustained the courage of the wandering champions against the foes they might encounter has died out. But heroism has not gone out with the age of fable, and a sentiment more noble and sustaining than the old superstition animates the minds of men who for pure humanity brave the perils of the frozen seas. The story of the searches for De Long and his company, and the story of De Long's own marvellous experiences, are more fascinating than the legends of the Round Table, and appeal to a wider class. It is not impossible that they will be read and re-read when the latter are forgotten.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIR FRANCIS'S ESCAPE.

When she had told the Dean's family, and Mrs. Green, and Cecilia, Miss Altifiorla began to feel that there was no longer a secret worth the keeping. And indeed it became necessary to her happiness to divulge this great step in life which she was about to take. She had written very freely and very frequently to Sir Francis, and Sir Francis, to tell the truth, had not responded in the same spirit. She had received but two answers to six letters, and each answer had been conveyed in about three lines. There had been no expressions from him of confiding love, nor any pressing demands for an immediate marriage. They had all been commenced without even naming her, and had been finished by the simple signature of his initials. But to Miss Altifiorla they had been satisfactory. She knew how silly she would be to expect from such a one as her intended husband long epistles such as a school-girl would require, and, in order to keep him true to her, had determined to let him know how little exacting she was inclined to be. She would willingly do all the preliminary writing if only she could secure her position as Lady Geraldine. She wrote such letters, letters so full of mingled wit and love and fun, that she was sure that he must take delight in reading them. "Easy reading requires hard writing," she said to herself as she copied for the third time one of her epistles, and copied it studiously in such handwriting that it should look to have been the very work of negligence. In all this she had been successful, as she thought, and told herself over and over again how easy it was for a clever woman to make captive a man of mark, provided that she set herself assiduously to the task.

She soon descended from her friends to the shopkeepers, and found that her news was received very graciously by the mercantile interests of the city. The milliners, the haberdashers, the furriers, and the bootmakers of Exeter received her communication and her orders with pleased alacrity. With each of them she held a little secret conference, telling each with a smiling whisper what fate was about to do for her. To even the upholsterers, the bankers, the hotel-keepers, and the owners of post-horses she was communicative, making every one the gratified recipient of her tidings. Thus in a short time all Exeter knew that Sir Francis Geraldine was about to lead to the hymeneal altar Miss Altifiorla, and it must be acknowledged that all Exeter expressed various opinions on the subject. They who understood that Miss Altifiorla was to pay for the supplies ordered out of her own pocket declared for the most part how happy a man was Sir Francis. But those who could only look to Sir Francis for possible future custom were surprised that the baronet should have allowed himself to be so easily caught. And then the aristocracy expressed its opinion, which, it must be acknowledged, was for the most part hostile to Miss Altifiorla. It was well known through the city that the Dean had declared that he would never again see his brother-in-law at the Deanery. And it was whispered that the Reverend Dr. Pigrum, one of the canons, had stated "that no one in the least knew where Miss Altifiorla had come from." This hit Miss Altifiorla very hard—so much so that she felt herself obliged to write an indignant letter to Dr. Pigrum, giving at length her entire pedigree. To this Dr. Pigrum made a reply as follows: "Dr. Pigrum's compliments to Miss Altifiorla, and is happy to learn the name of her great-grandmother." Dr. Pigrum was supposed to be a wag, and the letter soon became the joint property of all the ladies in the Close.

This interfered much with Miss Altifiorla's happiness. She even went across to Cecilia complaining of the great injustice done to her by the Cathedral clergymen generally. "Men from whom one should expect charity instead of scandal, but that their provincial ignorance is so narrow." Then she went on to remind Cecilia how much older was the Roman branch of her family than even the blood of the Geraldines. "You oughtn't to have talked about it," said Cecilia, who in her present state of joy did not much mind Miss Altifiorla and her husband. "Do you suppose that I intend to be married under a bushel?" said Miss Altifiorla, grandly. But this little episode only tended to renew the feeling of enmity between the ladies.

But there appeared a paragraph in the *Western Telegraph* which drove Miss Altifiorla nearly mad. "It is understood that one of the aristocracy in this county is soon about to be married to a lady who has long lived among us in Exeter. Sir Francis Geraldine is the happy man, and Miss Altifiorla is the lady about to become Lady Geraldine. Miss Altifiorla is descended from an Italian family of considerable note in its own country. Her great-grandmother was a Fiasco, and her great-great-grandmother a Disgrazia. We are delighted to find that Sir Francis is to ally himself to a lady of such high birth." Now Miss Altifiorla was well aware that there was an old feud between Sir Francis and the *Western Telegraph*, and she observed also that the paper made allusion to the very same relatives whom she had named in her unfortunate letter to Dr. Pigrum. "The vulgarity of the people of this town is quite unbearable," she exclaimed to Mrs. Green. But when she was left alone she at once wrote a funnier letter than ever to Sir Francis. It might be that Sir Francis should not see the paragraph. At any rate she did not mention it.

But unfortunately Sir Francis did see the paragraph; and, unfortunately also, he had not appreciated the wit of Miss Altifiorla's letters. "Oh, laws!" he had been heard to ejaculate on receipt of a former letter.

"It's the kind of thing a man has to put up with when he gets married," said Captain McCollop, a gentleman who had already in some sort succeeded Dick Ross.

"I don't suppose you think a man ever ought to be married."

"Quite the contrary. When a man has a property he must be married. I suppose I shall have the McCollop acres some of these days myself." The McCollop acres were said to lie somewhere in Caithness, but no one knew their exact locality. "But a man will naturally put off the evil day as long as he can. I should have thought that you might have allowed yourself to run another five years yet." The flattery did touch Sir Francis, and he began to ask himself whether he had gone too far with Miss Altifiorla. Then came the *Western Telegraph*, and he told himself that he had not gone too far.

"By G— she has told everybody in that beastly hole," said he. The "beastly hole" was intended to represent Exeter.

"Of course she has. You didn't suppose but that she would begin to wear her honor and glory as soon as they were wearable."

"She pledged herself not to mention it to a single soul," said Sir Francis. Upon this Captain McCollop merely shrugged his shoulders. "I'm d——d if I put up with it. Look here! All her filthy progenitors put into the newspaper to show how grand she is."

"I shouldn't care so very much about that," said the cautious Captain, who began to perceive that he need not be specially bitter against the lady.

"You're not going to marry her."

"Well, no; that's true."

"Nor am I," said Sir Francis, with an air of great decision. "She hasn't got a word of mine in writing to show—not a word that would go for anything with a jury."

"Hasn't she, indeed?"

"Not a word. I have taken precious good care of that. Between you and me I don't mind acknowledging it. But it had never come to more than that."

"Then in fact you are not bound to her?"

"No, I am not—not what I call bound. She's a handsome woman, you know—very handsome."

"I suppose so."

"And she'd do the drawing-room well, and the sitting at the top of the table, and all that kind of thing."

"But it's such a deuced heavy price to pay," said Captain McCollop.

"I should not have minded the price," said Sir Francis, not quite understanding his friend's remark, "if she hadn't made me ridiculous in this way. The Fiascos and the Disgrazias! What the devil are they to our old English families? If she had let it remain as it was, I might have gone through with it. But as she has told all Exeter, and got that stuff put into the newspapers, she must take the consequences. One is worse than another, as far as I can see." By this Sir Francis intended to express his opinion that Miss Altifiorla was at any rate quite as bad as Cecilia Holt.

But the next thing to be decided was the mode of escape. Though Sir Francis had declared that he was not what he called bound, yet he knew that he must take some steps in the matter to show that he considered himself to be free; and as the Captain was a clever man, and well conversant with such things, he was consulted. "I should say, take a run abroad for a short time," said the Captain.

"Is that necessary?"

"You'd avoid some of the disagreeables. People will talk, and your relatives at Exeter might kick up a row."

"Oh, d—— my relatives!"

"With all my heart. But people have such a way of making themselves disgusting. What do you say to taking a run through the States?"

"Would you go with me?" asked the baronet.

"If you wish it I shouldn't mind," said the Captain, considerately. "Only to do any good we should be off quickly. But you must write to some one first."

"Before I start, you think?"

"Oh yes, certainly. If she didn't hear from you before you went, you'd be persecuted by her letters."

"There is no end to her letters. I've quite made up my mind what I'll do about them. I won't open one of them. After all, why should she write to me when the affair is over? You've heard of Mrs. Western, I suppose?"

"Yes, I've heard of her."

"I didn't write to her when that affair was over. I didn't pester her with long-winded scrawls. She changed her mind, and I've changed mine; and so we're equal. I've paid her, and she can pay me if she knows how."

"I hope Miss Altifiorla will look at it in the same light," said the Captain.

"Why shouldn't she? She knew all about it when that other affair came to an end. I wasn't treated with any particular ceremony. The truth is, people don't look at these things now as they used to do. Men and women mostly do as they like till they've absolutely fixed themselves. There used to be duels and all that kind of nonsense. There is none of that now."

"No; you won't get shot."

"I don't mind being shot any more than another man; but you must take the world as you find it. One young woman treated me awfully rough, to tell the truth. And why am I not to treat another just as roughly? If you look at it all round you'll see that I have used them just as they have used me."

"At any rate," said Captain McCollop, after a pause, "if you have made up your mind, you'd better write the letter."

Sir Francis did not see the expediency of writing the letter immediately, but at last he gave way to his friend's arguments. And he did so the more readily as his friend was there to write the letter for him. After some attempts on his own part, he put the writing of the letter in the hands of the Captain, and left him alone for an entire morning to perform the task. The letter, when it was sent, after many corrections and revises, ran as follows:

"My dear Miss Altifiorla,—I think that I am bound in honor without a moment's delay to make you aware of the condition of my mind in regard to marriage. I ain't quite sure but what I shall be better without it altogether."—"I'd rather marry her twice over than let my cousin have the title and the property," said the baronet, with energy. "You needn't tell her that," said McCollop. "Of course when you've cleared the ground in this quarter, you can begin again with another lady."—"I think that perhaps I may have expressed myself badly so as to warrant you in understanding more than I have meant. If so, I am sure the fault has been mine, and I am very sorry for it. Things have turned up with which I need not perhaps trouble you, and compel me to go for a while to a very distant country. I shall be off almost before I can receive a reply to this letter. Indeed, I may be gone before an answer can reach me. But I have thought it right not to let a post go by without informing you of my decision.

"I have seen that article in the Exeter newspaper respecting your family in Italy, and think that it must be very gratifying to you. I did understand, however, that not a word was to have been spoken as to the matter. Nothing had escaped from me at any rate. I fear that some of your intimate friends at Exeter must have been indiscreet.

"Believe me yours, with the most sincere admiration, Francis Geraldine."

He was not able to start for America immediately after writing this, but he quitted his lodge in Scotland, leaving no immediate address, and hid himself for a while among his London clubs, where he trusted that the lady might not find him. In a week's time he would be off to the United States.

Who shall picture the rage of Miss Altifiorla when she received this letter? This was the very danger which she had feared, but had hardly thought it worth her while to fear. It was the one possible breakdown in her triumph, but had been, she thought, so unlikely as to be hardly possible. But now on reading the letter she felt that no redress was within her reach. To whom should she go for succour? Though her ancestors had been so noble, she had no one near her to take up the cudgels on her behalf. With her friends in Exeter she had become a little proud of late, so that she had turned from her those who might have assisted her. "The coward!" she said to herself—"the base coward! He dares to treat me in this way because he knows that I am alone." Then she became angry in her heart against Cecilia, who she felt had set a dangerous example in this practice of jilting. Had Cecilia not treated Sir Francis so unceremoniously he certainly would not have dared so to treat her. There was truth in this, as in that case Sir Francis would at this moment have been the husband of Mrs. Western.

But what should she do? She took out every scrap of letter that she had received from the man, and read each scrap with the greatest care.

In the one letter there certainly was an offer very plainly made, as he had intended it; but she doubted whether she could depend upon it in a court of law. "Don't you think that you and I know each other well enough to make a match of it?" It was certainly written as an offer, and her two answers to him would make it plain that it was so. But she had an idea that she would not be allowed to use her own letters against him. And then to have her gushing words read as a reply to so cold a proposition would be death to her. There was not another syllable in the whole correspondence written by him to signify that he had in truth intended to become her husband. She felt sure that he had been wickedly crafty in the whole matter, and had lured her on to expose herself in her innocence.

But what should she do? Should she write to him an epistle full of tenderness? She felt sure that it would be altogether ineffectual. Should she fill sheets with indignation? It would be of no use unless she could follow up her indignation by strong measures. Should she let the thing pass by in silence, as though she and Sir Francis had never known each other? She could certainly do so but that she had allowed her matrimonial prospects to become common through all Exeter. She must also let Exeter know how badly Sir Francis intended to treat her. To her too the idea of a prolonged sojourn in the United States presented itself. In former days there had come upon her a great longing to lecture at Chicago, at St. Paul, and at Omaha on the distinctive duties of the female sex. Now again the idea returned to her. She thought that in one of those large Western halls, full of gas and intelligence, she could rise to the height of her subject with a tremendous eloquence. But then would not the name of Sir Francis travel with her and crush her?

She did resolve upon informing Mrs. Green. She took three days to think of it, and then she sent for Mrs. Green. "Of all human beings," she said, "you, I think, are the truest to me." Mrs. Green of course expressed herself as much flattered. "And therefore I will tell you. No false pride shall operate with me to make me hold my tongue. Of all the false deceivers that have ever broken a woman's heart, that man is the basest and the falsest."

In this way she let all Exeter know that she was not to be married to Sir Francis Geraldine; and another paragraph appeared in the *Western Telegraph*, declaring that after all Sir Francis Geraldine was not to be allied to the Fiascos and Disgrazias of Rome.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT THE RACES.

The present season shows a remarkable advance in the sports of the turf. Racing was never more popular, and the interest in the races seems constantly to increase as the events occur at the various tracks in the country. Old turf men are jubilant over the wide-spread popularity of the sport, and point with pride to the development in the speed of American horses. We have failed to clutch any of the great prizes in Europe this year, but there seems to be no doubt, from a close analysis of the stock of both countries, that we have racers here that can beat anything on the English turf. Turfmen insist that our best horses have never been sent abroad, and talk of what will be done next year with great confidence. In America horse-racing has become a passion with the people, and their patronage has resulted in the production of so many first-class racers that though the events at the seaboard have been continual and of rare interest, there have been plenty of first-class racers left for the meetings in the West and Southwest. A few years ago this would have been impossible.

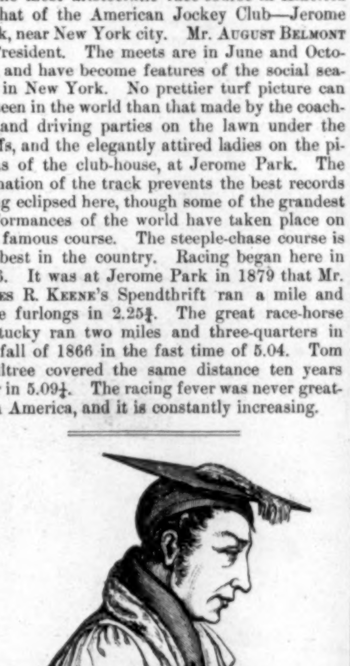
The patrons of the turf are of every grade. It is the only sport which draws as many enthusiasts from the rich as from the poor; and its lovers are everywhere, from the annual tests of speed among the stables of the farmers at their annual fairs throughout the backwoods country, to the spring and fall meetings at Jerome Park. The meetings in the vicinity of New York are attended by thousands and thousands of people, who consider it a calamity when they miss a close contest, and shout themselves hoarse over every hot race that they see. There are several famous tracks near New York.

The Brighton Beach track may be called the racing ground of the people. It is the only track in the East where the field is thrown open to the public free of charge, and a stand provided for spectators. The track, which is owned by Mr. W. A. ENGEMAN, is a full mile, with a steeple-chase course and excellent stables. In the list of Governors are the names of HENRY C. MURPHY, the DWYER brothers, and other well-known turfmen, and the racing is conducted under the rules of the Maryland Jockey Club. Although none of the great stables, such as the LORILLARD, BELMONT, KEENE, and REED enter their horses here, the string comprises some of the best horses in the country, and many great performances have taken place over the track, including some of the best records in the country, though the track is only four years old. Here Marchioness ran a mile in 1.41, Suananoa made the best mile over hurdles in 1.50, and Kitty Clark made the best mile and a quarter over hurdles in 2.17¼, and the best mile and a half over hurdles in 2.47. There is racing three days every week from Decoration-day to October 1, and the interest never flags from the start. The track is situated in the line of the great hotels that stretch along Coney Island beach, and the attendance is made up of many visitors at that famous watering-place.

Across Sheepshead Bay from the Brighton Beach track is the race-course of the Coney Island Jockey Club. It is fast becoming the Ascot of America, and will eventually be one of the greatest racing grounds of the world. Larger and more fashionable throngs meet here than at any other course. The grand stand is a model structure, situated in a grove of beautiful trees, with a broad view of the ocean, and surrounded by elaborate grounds. LEONARD W. JEROME is President of the club, and among the Governors are WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JAMES R. KEENE, A. J. COSSATT, JOHN G. HECKSHER, WILLIAM R. TRAVERS, and many other rich and influential New-Yorkers. The track is three years old, and very fast, though rather hard on tender-foot racers. This course is young, but it is noted for many great performances. Here Knight Templar equalled the best three-quarters of a mile in 1.14; Boardman ran a mile in 1.40½; Mucas made the best record at a mile and three-eighths in 2.21¾; Glenmore equalled the best mile and three-quarters in 3.01¼; Bounce made the fastest mile heats, 1.42 and 1.41½; Gabriel made the best mile-and-a-furlong heats, 1.56 and 1.56; Glenmore made the best mile-and-a-quarter heats, 2.10 and 2.14; and Ferida made the fastest four-mile heats in 7.23½ and 7.41. Two meetings of ten days each are held here—the first in June, and the last in September, ending this week. More money is bet on this track than on any other in America, not excepting Saratoga. In particular is the course well known through the heavy betting there by women.

Monmouth Park, or, as it may be more widely known, the Long Branch course, is another fashionable track near the sea-shore, about three miles from West End. Mr. GEORGE L. LORILLARD is the President, and the association is formed of wealthy New York horsemen. The stands, club-house, and stables are first class, and the track is surrounded by a beautiful stretch of farming country. Mr. PIERRE LORILLARD and other expert turfmen insist that this is the best track in the United States. In midsummer the grand stand is filled with brightly dressed people from the neighboring fashionable resorts. Three meetings have been held there this year—a first summer meeting, a midsummer meeting, and a second summer meeting. Nearly $100,000 was put up in stakes and purses in order to rival the heavy money at Saratoga. The meets at Monmouth have been very successful. Barrett ran three-quarters of a mile over this course in 1.14, Luke Blackburn headed the record at a mile and a half in 2.34, and Judith made the best mile and three-quarters over hurdles in 3.17½.

The most aristocratic race-course in America is that of the American Jockey Club—Jerome Park, near New York city. Mr. AUGUST BELMONT is President. The meets are in June and October, and have become features of the social season in New York. No prettier turf picture can be seen in the world than that made by the coaching and driving parties on the lawn under the bluffs, and the elegantly attired ladies on the piazzas of the club-house, at Jerome Park. The formation of the track prevents the best records being eclipsed here, though some of the grandest performances of the world have taken place on this famous course. The steeple-chase course is the best in the country. Racing began here in 1866. It was at Jerome Park in 1879 that Mr. JAMES R. KEENE's Spendthrift ran a mile and three furlongs in 2.25¾. The great race-horse Kentucky ran two miles and three-quarters in the fall of 1866 in the fast time of 5.04. Tom Ochiltree covered the same distance ten years later in 5.09¼. The racing fever was never greater in America, and it is constantly increasing.



DR. EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY.

ON the 16th of September Dr. PUSEY closed a long and eventful life. He was born in 1800, of aristocratic parentage, graduated at Christ-Church, Oxford, in 1822, and by 1828 was Canon of Christ-Church Cathedral and Regius Professor of Hebrew in Oxford University. He has given his name to a movement in the English Church, which, if not wholly successful, has made a deep impression upon the age. In all the vicissitudes of controversy he has commanded the esteem even of his opponents as a man of sincerity. Like his former associate Cardinal NEWMAN, he has personally been above all reproach. He had seen one and another of the original Tractarians go over to Rome, but he chose for himself to live and die in the English State Church.

To understand the theological reaction which has been associated with Dr. PUSEY's name, it is necessary to go back to the last century. Out of Oxford had proceeded the Methodist revival, led by the WESLEYS, WHITEFIELD, and other members of "the godly club." It spread both within and without the limits of the State Church. JOHN NEWTON, COWPER, WILBERFORCE, MILNER, and others, whose names are well known, created a new spirit among Churchmen. They and their followers were commonly called Methodists, but the name which they accepted was that of Evangelicals. Their distinctive traits were the promotion of personal piety, by a revived interest in the dogma of justification by faith, and devotion to works of charity. They originated the philanthropic measures which have been the glory of the nineteenth century. They were also the leaders in the establishment of Christian missions, the abolition of the slave-trade, the reformation of prison discipline and criminal law. Indeed, it may be said that the outburst of philanthropic fervor which marked the close of the last and the opening of the present century was the offspring of the Evangelical revival. But Evangelicalism was in some sense a departure from strict Church principles. Its adherents dropped the distinctive dogmas which give the Church of England an individual position in the Protestant world. Associating with Dissenters in philanthropic work, they lost more and more the marks of Churchmen. The party, like all great parties, had its weak members, who exaggerated its peculiarities.

In the nature of the case, the English Church being what it is, a reaction was inevitable. The Evangelicals were charged with cherishing a narrow sect feeling, with a partiality for an affected phraseology, and with an indifference, if not an aversion, to learning. In 1833 a number of young men in Oxford University set themselves to the work of restoring the ascendency of Church principles. They laid the foundation of their system in the dogma of Apostolical Succession, which they held "to be essential to the being of a true Church. The bishop, duly consecrated, is by virtue of this succession a representative of the Apostles. The presbyters on whom he lays his hands are thereby endowed with supernatural powers, which enable them to change the eucharistic elements into the body of Christ."

The famous Oxford Tracts, which were the expositions of these opinions, were begun in 1833. Mr. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, in explaining his reasons for issuing the tracts, says, "I wished to make a strong pull, in union with all those who were opposed to liberalism, whoever they might be." Practically the Tractarians aimed to re-establish the English Church of Archbishop LAUD, of course without its tyranny and cruelty; but they sought a solid foundation in Christian antiquity, especially of the ante-Nicene and Nicene periods. Here, they persuaded themselves, they would find the sufficient authority for Church principles, and here they would be able to secure a middle position between Protestantism and Rome. But the study of Christian antiquity led the Tractarians to results which, we may believe, they did not originally anticipate. Some of them felt that they were being led logically to the tenets of the Church of Rome. In 1843 Dr. PUSEY, who had taken part in the preparation of the tracts, preached a sermon before the University of Oxford in which he was understood to avow his belief in transubstantiation. For this he was tried and suspended from preaching within the jurisdiction of the university for three years. In the same manner, NEWMAN's Tract No. 90, which appeared in 1841, created a storm, and the Bishop of Oxford interdicted the farther publication of the series. NEWMAN says of himself, at this period, "I never contemplated leaving the Church of England; I desired a union with Rome, under conditions, Church with Church." Finding his position as an English Churchman untenable, and feeling the force of the logic of his convictions, he, with some others, went over to Rome; but PUSEY remained.

Dr. PUSEY never accepted the Roman Catholic doctrines of purgatory, or the invocation of saints, nor did he ever recognize the supreme authority of the Pope. He was surprised to find that the Tractarian movement was called by his name, and disclaimed all purpose of party leadership. In his later years he said of himself: "I never was a party leader. I never acted on any system. My name was first used to designate those of us who gave themselves to revive the teaching of forgotten truth because I first had occasion to write on baptismal regeneration. I never had any temptation to try to form a party, for it was against my principles. Then, personally I was the more exempt from this temptation because God has given me neither the peculiar organizing abilities which tempt men to it, nor any office which would entitle me to counsel thus. My life, contrary to the character of party leaders, has been spent in a succession of insulated efforts."

Whether designing it or not, Puseyism has formed a well-compacted party both in England and the United States. The Tractarians have had the courage of their convictions, and have been willing to suffer for them. As parish priests, not a few of them have been noted for devotion to their people. The weight of Church opinion, and especially the weight of episcopal authority, has been against them. As a consequence, they have been involved in litigation, and have become notorious for their denunciation of the bishops who have interfered with their practices. One result of Tractarianism has been to strengthen the moderate High-Church party, so that now the Evangelicals do not hold the same relative position in England which they occupied in 1833.

All this storm the Oxford professor saw raging about him, and yet maintained to the end the even tenor of his student life. Whatever his theological eccentricities, he was a lover of learning. Not only was he the exciting cause of an abundant literature, but the list of his own works extends to over fifty titles. He will always be in English history the centre of a group of memorable men. The burning zeal of the elder ARNOLD antagonized him; the sweet melody of KEBLE's verse carried the new High-Churchism in strong appeal to popular feeling; NEWMAN and PALMER gave the movement what it also had from PUSEY—the dignity of scholarship; the perversions to Rome revealed its essential weakness. Dr. PUSEY will be known as the courageous leader through long years of a forlorn hope, as making, with his associates, what may prove to be a last stand against the application to Church and State of the primary ideas of Protestantism.

GEORGE R. CROOKS.

SQUIRRELS' PAWS.

ONE thing that probably goes to make up the physical basis of intelligence in squirrels is their possession of a pair of paws which almost serve them in the place of hands. Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out that many of the cleverest animals are those which can grasp an object all round with some prehensile organ. Such animals, in fact, are the only ones that can really quite understand the nature of space of three dimensions. The apes and monkeys with their opposable thumb, the elephants with their flexible trunk and its finger-like process, the parrots with their prehensile claws, are all instances strictly in point.

Wherever we find a clever animal, like the dog, without any grasping power, we also find a large development of the sense of smell, which may be regarded as to some extent compensatory. But it must never be forgotten that the cleverness of the dog has been greatly increased by long hereditary intercourse with man, while the cleverness of the elephant, the monkey, and the opossum is all native and self-evolved.

The squirrel's paws stand him in almost equally good stead. For though he has no opposable thumb, he can hold a nut or a fruit between them, rolling it about or adjusting it meanwhile; and his teeth also serve as regular tools, which further enable him to manipulate an object held in the paws almost as well as any other animal except the apes and monkeys. It is observable, too, that his tail belongs markedly to one of the two types common among forestine tree-haunting creatures. Those which crawl or hang among the boughs have generally prehensile tails to aid them in grasping the branches; those which run and leap from tree to tree have generally bushy tails to aid them in balancing themselves, and to act as a sort of aerial rudder.

THE PROVIDENCE BASE-BALL CLUB.

FOREMOST among the League clubs is the Providence Base-ball Club of Providence, Rhode Island, the "Grays," as they generally term themselves, whose portraits are given on page 621. This club was formed in 1878, won the League championship the following year, and has run the closest kind of a race with the Chicago Club for the same honor this year. During the early part of the season, and until the middle of the present month, the Providence men headed the list of League clubs, and were deemed certain winners of the pennant of 1882; but three brilliant victories scored by the Chicago team week before last placed the two clubs side by side, each having then won forty-nine of their eighty-four games.

The membership of the Providence Club is as follows: HENRY B. WINSHIP, president; HARRY WRIGHT, manager; CHARLES RADBOURN and J. M. WARD, pitchers and right fielders; B. GILLIGAN and A. NAVA, catchers; JOSEPH START, first-base man; JOHN FARRELL, second-base man; JEREMIAH DENNY, third-base man; THOMAS YORK, left fielder; PAUL A. HINES, centre fielder; and GEORGE WRIGHT, short stop.

Of this strong team the last mentioned, GEORGE WRIGHT, is probably the best known and most brilliant player. He is a man thirty-five years of age, and has been a base-ball player for the past twenty years. Born in Harlem, he played with many of the amateur clubs of this city and vicinity from 1862 until 1867, when he joined the Nationals of Washington. In 1869 he played with the Cincinnati Red Stockings, and shared with them the victories of that famous season. In 1871 he joined the Boston Club, and remained with them until 1879, when he joined the Providence Club, with which he has since been identified.

Mr. HARRY WRIGHT, brother of GEORGE, has devoted himself to the management of base-ball clubs rather than to active work in the field, and has met with such signal success in this department that his name is almost uniformly associated with victory and championship pennants. For ten seasons he managed the Boston Club, and before that the Cincinnatti Red Stockings.

Of the two pitchers "JOHNNY" WARD is one of the most puzzling in the business, and has been with the Providence Club from their first season. RADBOURN, who is also a capital man in the place, has just finished his second season with this team.

NAVA won an enviable reputation on the Pacific coast as a catcher before he was invited, at the opening of the present season, to join this club. His alternate, GILLIGAN, has shown himself to be a good man by serving for two seasons in his present position.

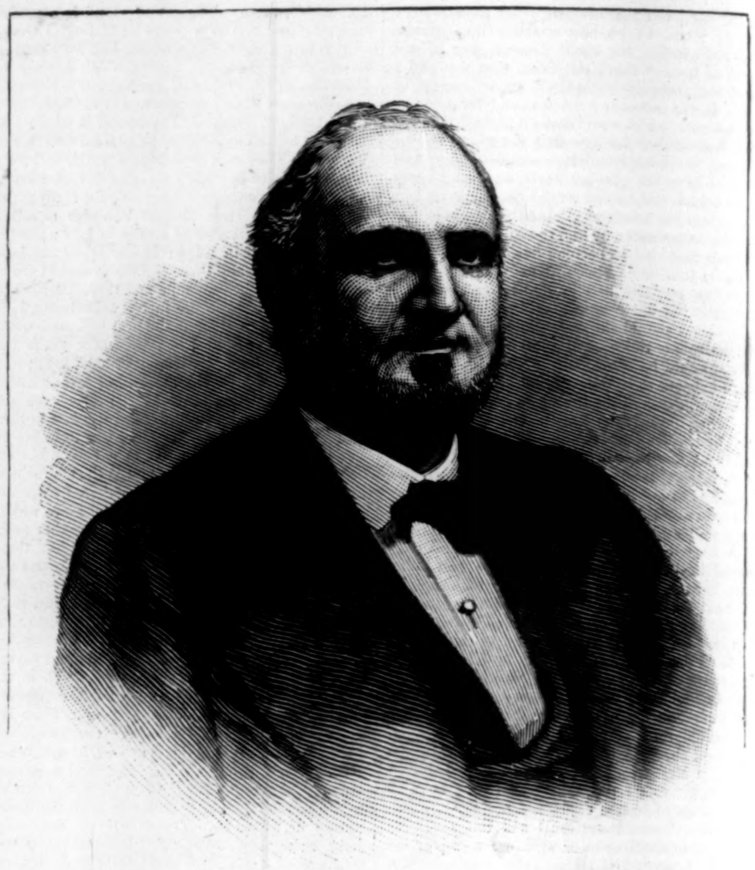
In the field are three men who have maintained their respective positions since the formation of the club—JOHN WARD, who acts as right fielder when not pitching, THOMAS YORK, who is a Brooklyn man, and PAUL A. HINES, who was one of the crack players of the Chicago nine from 1874 until 1878.

JOSEPH START is another Brooklynite, and began playing in 1862 with the Atlantics. For twenty years he has been first-base man, and always of a crack club. He is known as "Old Reliable," and well deserves the sobriquet.

JOHN FARRELL, second-base man, is one of the best general players of the club, and has, during his comparatively short career of seven years, furnished some wonderful examples of fine play.

JEREMIAH DENNY, like NAVA, is better known on the Pacific coast than in the East, but is rapidly gaining a fine reputation as a third-base man.

CHARLES JAMES FOLGER.—From a Photograph by Notman.

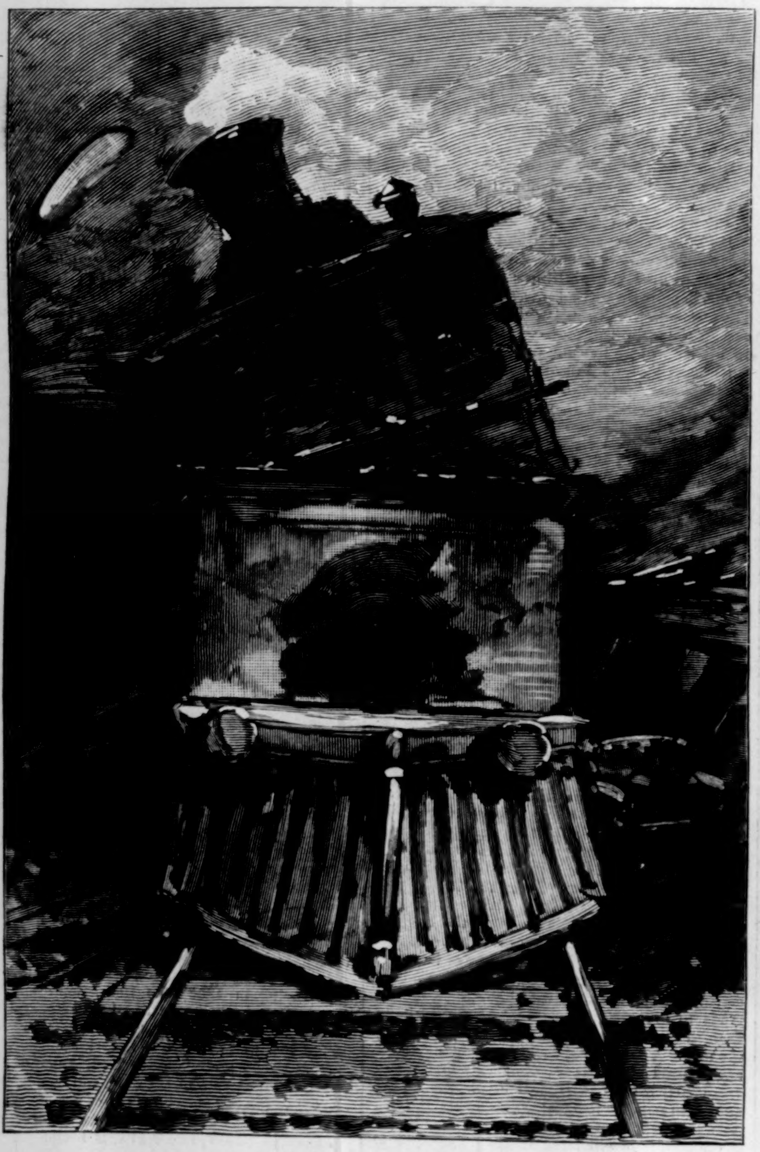


BENJAMIN PLATT CARPENTER—From a Photograph by R. E. Churchill.

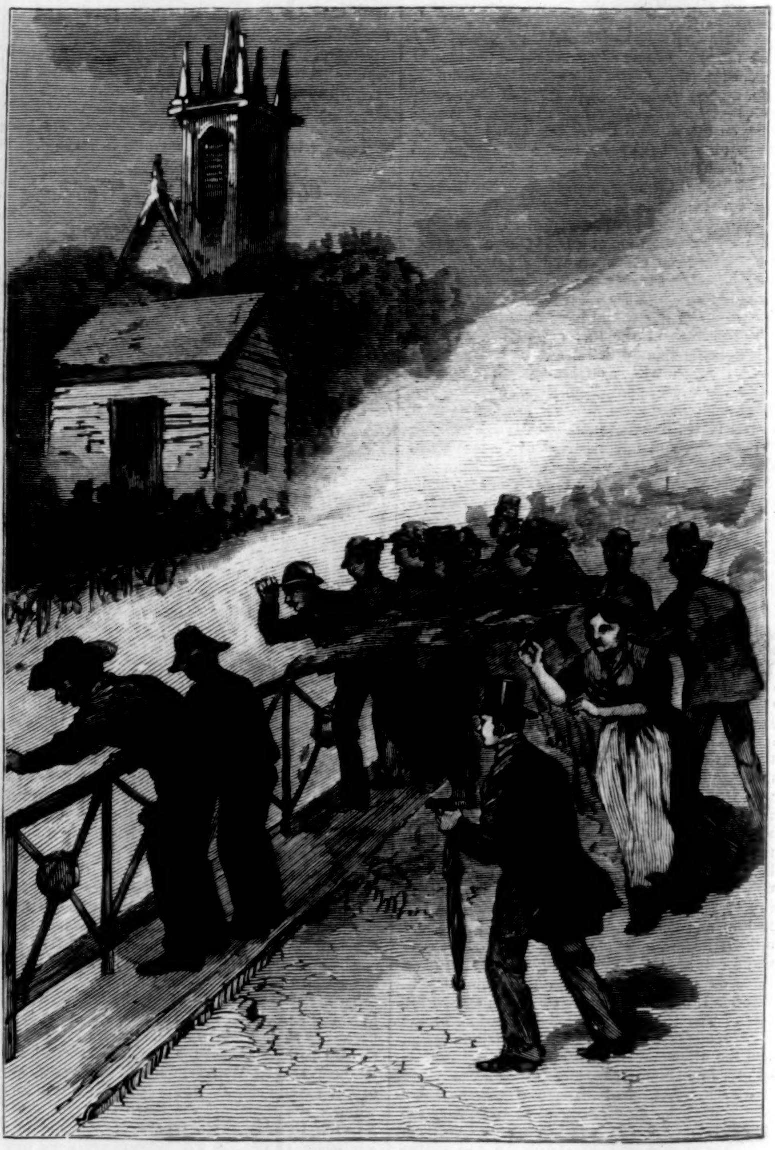
THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

The Hon. Charles James Folger, the Republican candidate for Governor of the State of New York, was born on the island of Nantucket, Massachusetts, April 16, 1818. In 1830 his father removed to Geneva, New York, which has since been the home of Mr. Folger. After his graduation at Hobart College, he studied law in the office of Mark H. Sibley and Alvah Worden, of Canandaigua, and was admitted to the bar in 1839. In 1844 he was appointed first Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Ontario County, and in 1851 he was elected County Judge of Ontario County. In 1861 he was elected State Senator from the Ontario district, and served continuously until 1869. He was President *pro tem.* of the Senate for four years, and Chairman of the Judiciary Committee for his whole term of service in the Senate. In 1869 he was re-elected to the State Senate, but resigned to accept the position of Assistant Treasurer of the United States, in this city, tendered to him by President Grant. He resigned that office in 1870 upon being elected Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals. In 1867, while a State Senator, he was chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention. When Chief Judge Church died, in May, 1880, he was appointed by Governor Cornell to fill the vacancy, and in November following he was elected to the place for the full term of fourteen years. Last year he accepted the position of Secretary of the Treasury in President Arthur's cabinet.

Benjamin Platt Carpenter, of Poughkeepsie, the nominee for Lieutenant-Governor, was born in Stanford, Dutchess County, New York, on May 14, 1837. After a preparatory course in the schools of his native town, he entered Union College, from which he was graduated in 1857. Immediately thereafter he began the study of law, and in 1858, when he had just attained his majority, he was elected District Attorney of Dutchess County, but resigned the office late in 1860. From 1865 to 1869 he was Internal Revenue Assessor for the Twelfth District of New York, and in 1867 he was sent to the State Constitutional Convention from the Eleventh Senatorial District. In 1872 he was the temporary Chairman of the Republican State Convention. He was elected to the State Senate in 1875 from the Eleventh District by a majority of 3610 over James Mackin (Democrat), although the Democratic majority at the preceding election for Senator had been 1945. In November, 1877, Mr. Carpenter was elected County Judge for Dutchess County, which office he still holds.



THE SCENE OF THE COLLISION.



SCENE ON FOURTH AVENUE—LOOKING DOWN ON THE WRECK.

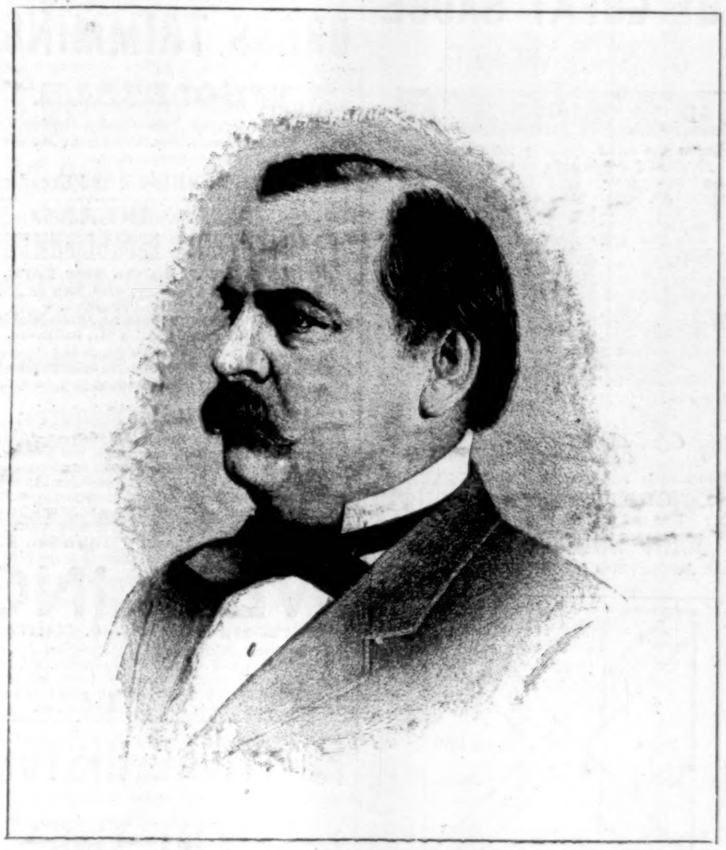
THE CATASTROPHE IN THE FOURTH AVENUE TUNNEL.—From a Sketch by S. F. Yeager.—[See Page 621.]

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

There are three points of coincidence in the selection of the Democratic candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York—both men are bachelors, both are lawyers, and both Mayors.

Grover Cleveland, the nominee for Governor, was born in Caldwell, New Jersey, March 18, 1837. After finishing his education at the Clinton Academy, in Oneida County, New York, he took a clerkship in this city, but soon afterward went to Buffalo and studied law, and was admitted to the bar. For three years he was Assistant District Attorney of Erie County, and in 1870 was elected Sheriff. Last year he was elected Mayor of Buffalo. He has a large frame, a nervous emphatic temperament, light complexion, and thin brown hair, with a tendency to baldness. He is a bachelor, and a man of considerable popularity.

The candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, David Bennett Hill, is six years younger than his associate on the ticket, having been born in 1843. He is a native of Havana, then in Chemung County, and his ancestors were New-Englanders. He was educated in the Havana schools, and went to Elmira in 1862, where he was admitted to the bar two years later. He was elected to the Assembly in 1870, and re-elected in 1871. He was an Alderman for one term, until last spring, when he was chosen Mayor of Elmira.



GROVER CLEVELAND, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

"SOMEBODY BLUNDERED."

The terrible railroad crash in the tunnel north of the New York Grand Central Dépôt on the 22d of September, by which several lives were lost and many persons seriously injured, was clearly the result of official carelessness. An accident to the Montreal express at One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth Street early in the morning had blocked the main track, and all the down trains following were sent through the west tunnel. This occasioned an unusual crowd on that track, so that the Portchester train on reaching One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth Street was obliged to proceed very slowly, and to wait on each block until the block ahead was clear. It was finally halted at Eighty-sixth Street, in the dark narrow side tunnel, and immediately afterward it was run into by a Harlem train, which, either through the neglect of a signal-man or through the engineer's neglect of the signals, had been allowed to rush at full speed into the block on which the Portchester train had been halted. The engine of the Harlem train tore through the rear car of the other, literally splitting it open, and rending it to pieces.

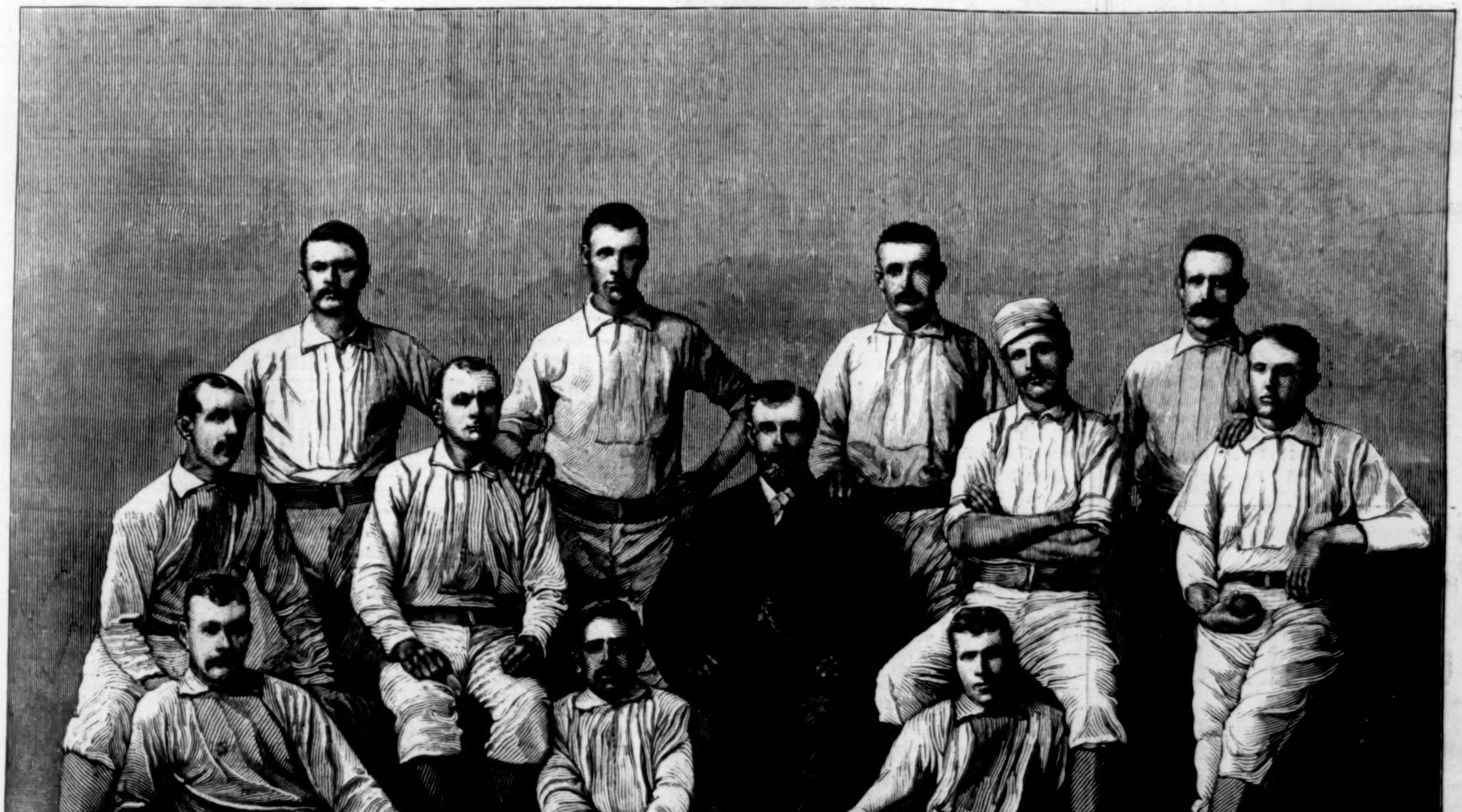
The catastrophe was terrible. The car was filled with passengers, many of them pupils of New York schools. They were flung on each side of the track, with the fragments of the car. All the lights had been extinguished by the shock. The air was heavy with steam and smoke. The entire breadth of the tunnel was filled with the wreck of the passenger-car. The engine had gone so far through it that the front of the boiler was within two or three feet of the front of the car. The car was split in two so that the sides fell apart, almost unbroken, against the walls of the tunnel. The smoke-stack, sand-box, and cab of the engine were torn off by the roof of the car, and were jammed in between the tender and the top of the tunnel. The broken seats and flooring of the car were packed around the driving-wheels of the battered locomotive. In this débris, and under the sides of the car in the gutters beside the track, were wedged nearly a score of wounded passengers. The steam escaping from the broken boiler badly scalded some of them.

Assistance came promptly. Detachments of police and firemen were soon on the spot, groping by the aid of lanterns among the fragments of the train for the dead and wounded passengers. The scene was awful. Providentially, the horrors of fire were not added to the fearful details of the wreck. Had the train burned, as in the case of the collision at Spuyten Duyvil Creek, few and perhaps none of the wounded passengers would have escaped.

The sorrowful details of this awful catastrophe need not be repeated here. That it was due to carelessness admits of no doubt. There are block signals at Fifty-ninth, Seventy-second, Eighty-sixth, Ninety-eighth, One-hundred-and-tenth, One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth, and One-hundred-and-thirty-eighth streets, and at Mott Haven. These stations are all under the control of the man who sits in his lofty office in the north end of the Grand Central Dépôt. They have also telegraphic communication with each other, as well as a system of communication by automatic electric targets. When, for instance, a train has passed down past the signal-man at Ninety-eighth Street, he must display a signal to stop the next train following until the block between Ninety-eighth and Eighty-sixth streets is clear. When the first train passes the man at Eighty-sixth Street, he, by an electric button, must raise the danger target at Ninety-eighth Street, to signify that the track is clear. Meantime, the first train having passed down from Eighty-sixth Street, the block signal is displayed there until it is released by the signal-man at Seventy-second Street upon the arrival of the train there.

The terrible blunder in this case appears to lie between the two stations at Eighty-sixth and Ninety-eighth streets. If the engineer of the Harlem train was allowed to pass the Ninety-eighth Street signal before the preceding train had passed Eighty-sixth Street, he could hardly be expected, in the darkness of the tunnel and through the blinding smoke which always hangs in the air there, to distinguish red lights on the rear of the train ahead. If it be true, as reported, that on the day of the collision the block system had been practically abandoned during the continuance of the temporary blockade in the single-track down-town tunnel, and that the trains were allowed to follow one another down closely, with the idea that they would run cautiously and keep in sight of each other, a fearful responsibility rests upon the officials who sanctioned that abandonment.

It rests with the authorities to fix the blame on those who are responsible for this disaster. There should be no delay; the investigation should be most thorough and searching, and the persons on whom the guilt rests should receive speedy and severe punishment.



Paul A. Hines. Jeremiah Denny. Charles Radbourn. John Farrell.
Thomas York. Joseph Start. Manager Harry Wright. George Wright. J. M. Ward.
Charles Reilly. Vincent Nava. Bernard Gilligan.

THE PROVIDENCE BASE-BALL CLUB.—From a Photograph by the Photo-Mechanical Printing and Publishing Company, Chicago.—[See Page 619.]

FASHIONABLE fur garments this season are Otter and Seal-skin Dolmans. Paletots and Ulsters 44 to 52 inches long and Sacques close fitting 36 to 42 long. Beaver will be the popular trimming. C. C. SHAYNE, wholesale manufacturer, 103 Prince St. (formerly of Broadway), the recognized leading furrier, will offer goods at retail this season. This affords a splendid opportunity for ladies to order goods direct from the manufacturer and save the profit of middlemen. All goods produced by this house are standard styles and adopted by the leading merchants throughout the country. Every garment is made from selected skins properly cured and dressed and thoroughly reliable. Sent to any address C. O. D. with privilege of examination.—[*Adv.*]

ON THE FARMERS' SIDE.

SPEAKING of the statement made by HIRAM SIBLEY & Co., the great Rochester and Chicago seedsmen, and the largest seed growers in the world, to the Tariff Commission, the *Detroit Free Press* says, editorially: "It was one of those clear, compact, comprehensible utterances which are worth reams of elaborate discussion. When they declared against taxing 7,000,000 seed users for the benefit of 100 seed growers, they turned a perfect flood of electric light upon the iniquity of the tariff. We commend this pithy presentation of the case to the farmers who belong to the hundred thousands whom the tariff taxes for the benefit of the hundreds.—[*Adv.*]

TO OWNERS OF HORSES.

FROM COL. D. MCDANIEL,
OWNER OF SOME OF THE FASTEST
RUNNING HORSES IN THE WORLD.

JEROME PARK, June 21.—This is to certify that I have used DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT and DERBY CONDITION POWDERS on my RACEHORSES and found them to give perfect satisfaction. In fact, they HAVE NEVER FAILED TO CURE any ailment for which they were used. The LINIMENT, when rubbed in by the hand, never blisters or takes the hair off. IT HAS MORE PENETRATING QUALITIES THAN ANY OTHER I HAVE TRIED, which, I suppose, is the great secret of its success in curing sprains. The ingredients from which the DERBY POWDERS are made have been made known to me by Dr. Tobias. They are PERFECTLY HARMLESS. D. MC.DANIEL.

Sold by the Druggists and Saddlers.
DEPOT, 42 MURRAY ST.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Is very valuable for professional men. It supplies the phosphates which are always lost by severe mental labor.—[*Adv.*]

THE ELEMENTS OF BONE, BRAIN,
And muscle are found in pure food. The best for infants and invalids is Anglo-Swiss Milk-Food.—[*Adv.*]

The popularity of Parker's Hair Balsam is due to its superior cleanliness and elegance as a hair restorer.—[*Adv.*]

READ the advertisement of "Harmonette," and send for one.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa***, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

Are now exhibiting a choice selection of Early Fall Novelties in Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Dress Goods, India Shawls, Laces, Embroideries, Hosiery, Underwear, &c., together with a well-assorted stock of Linens, White Goods, Blankets, and Flannels.

Broadway, corner 19th St.

Print **Your Own** Cards, Labels, &c. Press, $3. Larger Size $8. 13 other sizes. For business, pleasure, old or young. Everything easy by printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the factory. **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE GREAT SAUCE OF THE WORLD.

LEA & PERRINS'

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

Sold and used throughout the world.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.
NEW YORK.

And by special appointment to the Imperial Russian Court.

Established 1818. Beware of Counterfeits.
Copenhagen — Peter F. Heering's — Cherry Cordial
7 Prize Medals. Gold Medal 1878 Paris.
Purveyor by appointments to the Royal Danish Court and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

For sale by Wine Dealers generally. **JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,** Union Square, New York.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

AGENTS ARE reaping a Harvest selling our **Clipper Cake and Pie Pans** and other Household Articles. They sell at sight to Housekeepers. For **Samples and Terms**, address The **CLIPPER M'F'G CO.** (LIMITED.) **No. 64 WALNUT STREET, CINCINNATI, O.**

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE

Kingdom of Ireland.

From the Earliest Times to the Union with Great Britain. With Five Maps and Appendices. By CHARLES GEORGE WALPOLE, M.A. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

"This work furnishes the historical student with a complete and continuous view of the course of Irish history, from the time when Ireland was the home of a unique civilization—under which her people were subject to laws that had their origin among themselves—to the period when, through their representatives, they practically surrendered the legislative prerogative into the hands of an alien race. The author has drawn up an interesting and intelligible account of the early condition of Ireland and its people. He narrates in a terse and vigorous manner the circumstances which resulted in the expulsion of the Scandinavian conquerors by Brian Boru, under whom Ireland enjoyed a strong, because united, government, until the death of this famous monarch afforded opportunity for the outbreak of a series of jealousies and rivalries, which culminated in the betrayal of the island to the King of England by Dermot McMurrough, the King of Leinster. The eventful periods subsequent to the introduction of English influence and power are treated of with great elaboration."

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on **Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers.** OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1882-83. P. POWELL & SON, 238 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

ELEGANT

DRESS TRIMMINGS AT WHOLESALE.

Novelties in Buttons, Embroideries, Feather Trimmings, Embroidered Robes, Ornaments, Marabouts. The attention of the trade is invited.

EDWARD A. MORRISON, 893 Broadway.

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
Office, 5 & 7 John St., New York.

BRANCH OFFICES:
1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.
279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
47 North Eighth St., Philadelphia.
43 North Charles St., Baltimore.

Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments. *Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c.*, of *all fabrics*, and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping*.

Gentlemen's Garments *cleaned or dyed whole*.

Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed. Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods. Correspondence invited.

Goods received and returned by express and by mail.

BARRETT NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

WELLING

COMPRESSED IVORY MFG. CO. (LIMITED).

White Brush, Mirror, and Comb, medium size, $5.00 set, in Satin Lined Case. Billiard Balls, 2⅜, $10.00 set. Pool, 2¼, striped same as Ivory, $30.00 set. Checks, 1½ inches, $3.50 per 100. **251 Centre Street, New York.** Established 1855.

POLITICAL HISTORY OF RECENT TIMES

(1816-1875),

With Special Reference to Germany. By WILHELM MÜLLER, Professor in Tübingen. Revised and Enlarged by the Author. Translated, with an Appendix covering the Period from 1876 to 1881, by the Rev. JOHN P. PETERS, Ph.D. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.

"This is no mere chronicle of superficial occurrences, but a narrative of the events which have taken place in Europe during the period which it covers (1816-75), viewed in their relation to and their influence upon the political condition of the peoples of European countries. The work thus presents a clear though necessarily cursory view of the conflict which has been waging in Europe since the downfall of Napoleon the Great between the desire of the people for political freedom on the one hand, and the obstinacy, selfishness, and prejudice of the privileged classes upon the other. The author is in full sympathy with the cause of liberty, and the story which he tells is a record of a sure, if a slow, advance of the people toward enfranchisement and political equality. While thus profound, philosophical, and comprehensive in his conception of his theme, the author is popular and simple in his literary treatment of it. He captivates the interest of the reader from the first, and the narrative is frequently enlivened by stirring episodes setting forth the heroic deeds of patriots determined at all risks to advance the cause to which they had devoted their lives and their fortunes."

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE RICH NEW BOOK TREASURY of SONG

For the **HOME CIRCLE. A rich** volume of **300 best loved Gems** chosen from the *whole realm of Music.* Usual cost, **$87!** Here, **only $2.50.** No book like it. *No Competition!* Sale is **immense!** Eminent citizens say: *"A treasury of pleasure for every home."*—O. H. Tiffany, D.D. *"A perfect marvel of excellence and cheapness."*—G. A. Peltz, D.D. *"Full of genuine gems."*—F. L. Robbins, D.D. *Three million homes* want it, hence it is a **grand** chance to *coin* money. *Sample pages, &c.*, **free.** Address HUBBARD BROS., Phila., Pa.

BABY CARRIAGE.
THE NOVELTY.

The only Carriage that has Springs to adjust to the weight, Umbrella large enough to shield at all points by merely raising or lowering it. Send for Circular to

L. P. TIBBALS, Manufacturer, 820 Broadway.

HARPER'S BAZAR CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our **WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT** to MR. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

ASTHMA and HAY FEVER Their CAUSE and CURE. Knight's New Treatise **Sent Free.** Address the L. A. KNIGHT Co., 15 E. 3d St., Cincinnati, O.

DR. HOLMAN'S PAD is *the only* true cure for Malaria, Stomach, and Liver ailments. Always reliable. Invaluable for Ladies. Will relieve when all other treatments fail, and will cure the worst cases of Fever and Ague, Indigestion, Nervousness, Headaches, &c. Regular pad, $2.00. **G. W. HOLMAN, M.D., 744 Broadway, New York.**

40 NEW, no 2 alike, Chromo Visiting Cards, name on, 10c. Warranted best pack sold. Agents Wanted. **L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.**

CARDS. Send two 3c. stamps for new set of cards. **WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.**

THE BOOK FOR PRACTICAL PEOPLE.

DR. RICHARD S. ROSENTHAL'S Meisterschaft System FOR FRENCH AND GERMAN.

☞ **Complete Fluency of Speech in 10 Weeks.** ☜

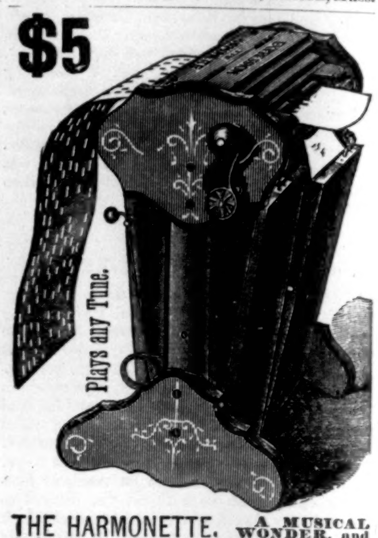
The *Nation*, New York, says: "This system is the best yet devised for learning to speak a foreign language in a short time."

Each subscriber—$5.00 for each language—becomes actually a pupil of Dr. Rosenthal, who corrects all exercises and answers all questions in regard to any difficulties which may occur to the student.

For 25 cents we will send Part I. of either the French or the German as a specimen copy.

ESTES & LAURIAT, Publishers,
299—305 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

$5



THE HARMONETTE. A MUSICAL WONDER, and *the best Mechanical Musical Instrument in the World.* Novel in construction, elegant in design, powerful and melodious in effect, MUSIC AND MUSICIAN COMBINED. More Reeds and more powerful than $8 Organettes. THE HARMONETTE plays anything, from a simple song to a difficult waltz or operatic selection. Any child can operate it. *Music only 4 cents per foot.* It is beautifully finished in black walnut, and of handsome shape and design; EXPRESSION SWELL, and many patented improvements. It is as loud as a cabinet organ, and will furnish music for any occasion, and it is a most complete present for any one, old or young. We send the Harmonette, with selection of music, to any address, on receipt of price, **$5.** *Extra Music can be sent by Mail at any time.* This is the most wonderful musical instrument that has ever been invented. Address the MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

BOSTON SCHOOL OF ORATORY.

Full course, Two YEARS; shorter course, one year. Both the English and Delsarte systems of gesture: Calisthenics. Term begins Oct. 5th. For catalogues apply to R. R. RAYMOND, Principal,
1 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE. THE FAMILY WASH BLUE. For Sale by Grocers. D. S. WILTBERGER, Prop., 233 N. Second St., Phila., Pa.

CARD COLLECTORS send 12 cents in postage stamps and receive by return mail 25 beautiful French Chromo Cards, assorted. WILLIAM M. DONALDSON & CO., 113 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED to sell DR. CHASE'S 2000 RECIPE BOOK. *Sells at sight.* You double your money. Address **Dr. CHASE'S** Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

"THE HEN**PECKED HUSBAND," "Our Toy Soldiers," and "The Chinese Question."** Our new awfully funny cards, 11 cents each. Send 30 cents (stamps) for the three comic sets. **SAMMIS & LATHAM,** 79 Nassau St., N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.

15c. box "ROUGH ON RATS" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, &c.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
The THREE above publications	10 00
Any TWO above named	7 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE / HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	5 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR begin with the first numbers for January, the Volumes of the YOUNG PEOPLE with the first Number for November, and the Volumes of the MAGAZINE with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, Fiction, and Poetry, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to HARPER & BROTHERS.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

WHY DOES

a woman's health so often break down at an early age? Put a man at the wash-tub, let him get heated from the hot suds until every pore is opened, then let him stand over the filthy steam that comes from Scalding and Boiling clothes that are full of sweat and exhalations from the skin, and his health certainly would break down before long:—and yet this terrible ordeal is exactly what

A WOMAN

has to go through on wash-day; and besides, while overheated and with her clothing wet from perspiring at the hot work, she has to risk her life by going out in the air to hang up the clothes.

Even those not at the work are in the unhealthy atmosphere; its smell, so apparent to Visitors, showing that it finds its way to all parts of the house; the family, however, often becoming so accustomed to the peculiar odor from its own wash as scarcely to notice it.

These facts, which are known to be true by every housekeeper, readily explain why so many women suffer with Rheumatism, Weak Nerves or Neuralgia, and

LOOK OLD

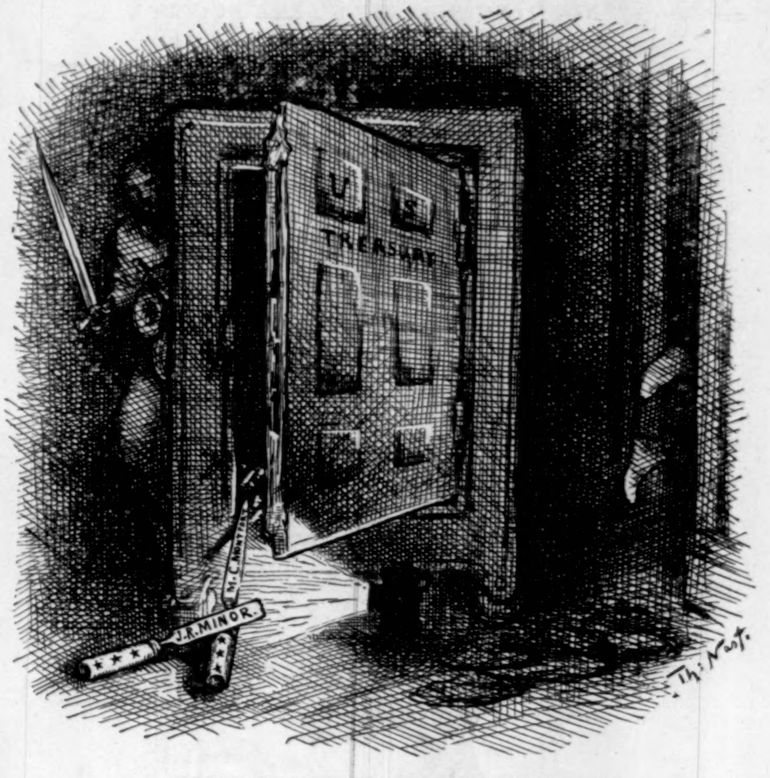
while yet young in years; and Physicians and Boards of Health cannot draw attention too strongly to the injurious effects of the usual way of washing, with its necessary Steam and Scalding or Boiling to get the clothes pure and sweet-smelling, especially as it is so very often the direct cause of those dreadful diseases, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, Consumption, and Typhoid Fever. Fortunately this trouble can be avoided; Scalding, Boiling, and Steam done away with; clothes made sweet and beautifully white; from the saving in fuel, the wash done at a less cost than when home-made Soap is used; and much

SOONER THAN

by the old way, by using FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP; a Soap so Purifying and Cleansing that the dirtiest clothing can be washed in lukewarm water with very little rubbing, and Clothes, Bedding and Utensils used by the sick, disinfected and cleansed without either Scalding or Boiling; while the work is so light, that a girl of 12 or 13 can do a large wash, without being tired; and yet so Mild and Healing is this Soap, that for Toilet and Shaving it has no equal, and Physicians advise its use in preference to Imported Castile Soap, on wounds and sores, and to wash the youngest infants; and for ladies with delicate skin. Now that there is a remedy for this "great wash-day evil," so economical in its use as to be within the reach of the poorest, there is not a woman or

A MAN

who is not directly interested in having introduced in their homes THAT WONDERFUL WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES, which, when properly tried, does away with the hard work, Offensive Smell and Fearful Steam on wash-day, and makes the White Pieces whiter, Colored Pieces brighter, and Flannels softer than they can be made by washing the old way, and also leaves every article as Clean, as Sweet, and as Pure as if never worn.



TOOLS CAPTURED—THIEVES GONE.

JUSTICE. "Pursue the Star-Route conspirators."

Have You Heard of Frank Siddalls Soap

—how it does away with wash-day troubles—
—how it softens flannels and brightens Calico—
—how it has spread like wildfire until now
—it is sold in every territory and State in the Union—
—makes the wash clean sweet and white
—Just think! without scalding or boiling—

No Steam in the House to spoil the Wall-Paper and Furniture.

—Ask your Grocer for it—see that you get what you ask for—
—And now for the most liberal proposition ever made to introduce goods—

A regular 10-cent cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap will be sent by mail (postage paid in full) *free of charge to the wife of a Grocer—free of charge to the wife of a Physician—free of charge to the wife of a Minister*, if she will send two promises:—*two promises must be made or no notice will be taken of the letter*—

Promise Number 1—That it shall be used on the whole of the regular family wash, and on the first wash-day.
Promise Number 2—That every direction (even the most trifling) shall be followed.

HOW OTHER LADIES CAN GET SOAP TO TRY.

—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps—
—Say she saw the Advertisement in HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and make 2 promises*—

Promise No. 1:—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it, and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2:—That every one of the printed directions for using the Soap shall be EXACTLY followed.

Now by return mail a full size, 10-Cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage stamps have to be put on. All this is done for 10 cents, because it is believed to be the cheapest way to introduce it.

If you dont get the Soap it will be because you have not made the promises.

Only those get attention who make the promises.

Sold in New York by H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co.—Francis H. Leggett & Co.—Austin, Nichols & Co.—Woodruff, Spencer & Stout—R. C. Williams & Co.—S. Burkhalter & Co., and many others.

Sold in Brooklyn by Johnston Bros.—Valentine, Bergen & Co., and others.

Sold in Chicago by W. M. Hoyt & Co.—Rockwood Bros.—Harmon, Merriam & Co.—Gray, Burt & Kingman, and others.

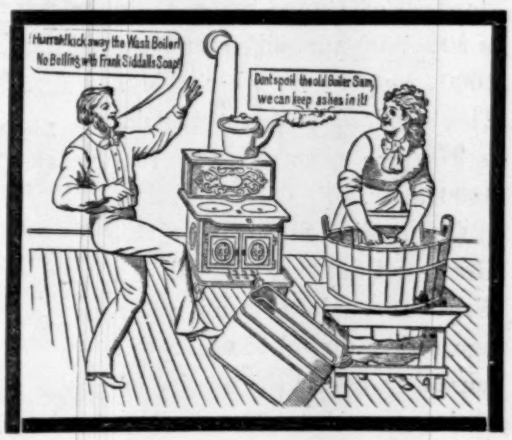
Sold in Boston by Martin L. Hall & Co.—Briggs & Shattuck—Howard W. Spurr & Co.—Boyd, Leeds & Co.—Chas. E. Moody & Co., and others.

Sold largely in Albany, Troy, Springfield, Ithaca, Utica, Binghamton, Rochester, Buffalo, Syracuse.

Sold by Wholesale and Retail Grocers in Pittsburgh, New Haven, Cleveland, Burlington, Vt.—Burlington, Iowa, Baltimore.

If your grocer cares to accommodate you he can easily get it.

If your grocer will not accommodate you, send for a cake by mail—it will be cheerfully sent if you make the promises:—*if you dont make the two promises no notice will be taken of your letter.*



DIRECTIONS

Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

A wash-boiler MUST NOT be used, NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle answers for a large wash.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some of the delicate ingredients that are in this soap. *Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.*

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water; draw it out on the wash-board, and rub the Soap over it VERY LIGHTLY, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled pieces. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on the wash-board, ***and the dirt will drop out;*** turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW: and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw back in the suds for a few minutes.

Next comes the Rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, *and is for the purpose of getting all the dirty suds out*, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on the wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let stand 20 minutes, and wash the same way, making the last rinse-water soapy.

And now make up your mind to try Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Try The Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving—for the Bath—for the Toilet—for the Teeth.

It is no more to be surprised at that it will answer splendidly for all bath and toilet purposes than it is surprising that Granulated Sugar will answer for all purposes.

Over one thousand cakes are sent every week by mail for trial at a loss. Send for a cake—*promise to follow the directions on the whole of your regular family wash*, and you will bless the day you saw The Frank Siddalls Soap advertised in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn; stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, *and the clothes will iron easier.*

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch, and then starch in the usual way the pieces that require starching.

Address all Letters, OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.